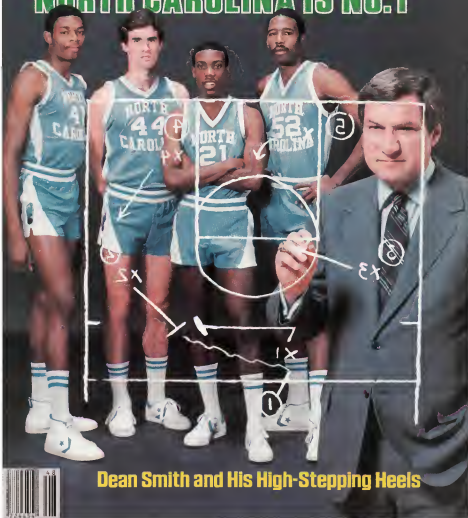


COLLEGE BASKETBALL ISSUE

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 30, 1981 \$1.50

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(S-102)

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

"Coaching basketball at UCLA has become like the presidency, maybe too much like it," says Senior Writer Curry Kirkpatrick, whose story on Bruin coaches starts on page 98 of this, our annual college basketball issue. "The job isn't fun. And beyond money, power and fame, your job should be fun—or else why do it?"

We've been able to keep Kirkpatrick happy just by letting him cover college basketball. Except for four seasons on the NBA beat (which he found dull by comparison), he's been writing about the college game for us since the late 1960s, even before current UCLA Coach Larry Farmer was one of John Wooden's starting forwards.

While Kirkpatrick was working on the UCLA piece (he also wrote the es-

sion of the magazine in mind, loaned McCallum shampoo and deodorant for the next two days.

Our two writers didn't share a game of one-on-one, however, which was too bad. Kirkpatrick was a forward at DeVeaux prep school (now extinct) in Niagara Falls, N.Y., where his claim to fame was scoring 16 points in a varsity game despite having chicken pox at the time. McCallum made it through a full season (1967-68) as a guard on the junior varsity at Pennsylvania's Muhlenberg College, "but I was looking at perennial eighth-mandom," he says, "so I gave it up to be an intramural star."

McCallum would have had two advantages over Kirkpatrick on the court: At 6 feet he's at least two inches taller than Kirkpatrick, who stubbornly in-



KIRKPATRICK: A GOOD "LITTLE" MAN



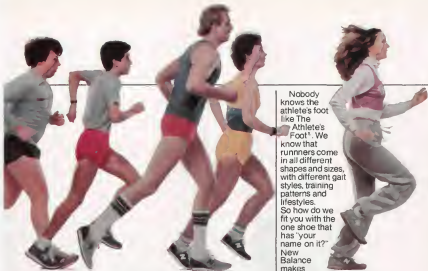
MCALLUM: THE INTRAMURAL STAR

say that leads off the basketball package, beginning on page 36), he crossed paths with Staff Writer Jack McCallum, who joins him on the college beat this season. Kirkpatrick was in Coach Gene Bartow's office at the University of Alabama at Birmingham when McCallum walked in. Because Kirkpatrick lives in Hilton Head, S.C. and McCallum lives in Bethlehem, Pa. and has been on SI's staff for less than a year, the two had never met. "Jack looked pretty scruffy," Kirkpatrick says. "I thought he was maybe the guy delivering lunch." Actually, McCallum, who has profiled Georgia Forward Dominique Wilkins in this issue (page 44), was in town scouting UAB for our Top 20 report and looked disheveled because an airline had lost his luggage. Kirkpatrick, no doubt with the reputa-

sists he's 5' 10", and he practices more. Kirkpatrick's edge would seem to be psychological: His alma mater, North Carolina, is our No. 1 team—McCallum wrote the scouting report. College Basketball Editor Larry Keith is also a UNC alumnus, but this doesn't mean that our rankings are the product of a Carolina cabal. The Tar Heels were the overwhelming choice for No. 1 in a poll of SI's correspondents.

While on the subject of old school ties, we might add that the cover, featuring Tar Heel Coach Dean Smith, was shot by his former University of Kansas classmate Rich Clarkson.

Philip D. Howard



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First Person

by DAVID GRUNWALD

THE LOWDOWN ON FOOTY DOWN UNDER FROM A KNOWLEDGEABLE BARRACKER

It all started innocently enough last year. I'm an indifferent athlete, whose best sport is watching sport, and, while idly twisting the TV dial in search of some entertainment, I suddenly came upon an Australian-rules football game on ESPN. I had heard somewhere that this obscure

sport was played along the underside of Australia, but knew little else about it except that it was wild and wooly and all the rage in Melbourne. My curiosity was aroused, however, so I settled down to give it a go.

At first it was all a bit bizarre, not to mention utterly bewildering, as I tried to figure out what two packs of players, dressed in shorts and basketball-type jerseys, were up to as they roamed about a vast field in hot pursuit of an oval leather ball roughly the size of a football.

The stands were absolutely packed with fans yelling their lungs out and waving huge colored streamers. At each end

of the field loomed not two but four goalposts with no crossbars, and they were carefully watched over by an official who was distinctively garbed in a white fedora and long white coat.

I had never seen anything quite like it: The ball moves about at an erratic, hectic pace as players frantically give chase. This often leads either to mad scrambles on the ground with arms and legs flailing or players leaping like crazed kangaroos high in the air in an attempt to catch the ball after a man has drop-kicked it 50 or 60 yards.

It didn't take long to figure out that the object was to kick the ball through



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possible reception in the worst possible conditions.

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the opponent's goalposts. And that was done often enough to make it seem like a basketball game, with scores regularly ranging up into the hundreds. The terminology the Aussie announcers used was maddeningly obscure—"behinds," "marks," "rovers" and "ball ups." As for the players' names, they sounded like characters right out of Dickens: Rene Kink, Gary Sidebottom, Malcolm Blight. One was called "The Flying Doormat," a feisty little player named Bruce Doull.

Somehow the game held my attention with its continuous action and spectacular play. After watching a few more games I was hooked. What at first

seemed like mass confusion became understandable. What looked like a mob turned out to be two well-coordinated teams of 18 men apiece, most playing fixed zonal positions except for the three rovers per side who stay close to the ball. I learned that a kick through the center uprights was worth six points and one through the outer pairs one point and was called—"surprise"—a behind.

I soon picked up on the other terms as well. A mark occurs when a player catches the ball after it has been kicked by a teammate from at least 10 yards away; this is also known as "taking the mark." The receiver is then allowed a

free kick. Ball ups refers to the restart of play, when one of the two field umpires bounces the ball against the ground and opposing players leap for it. The man in the white fedora is the goal umpire. A game runs for 100 minutes, with four 25-minute quarters, and play is continuous. If there is an interruption because of a severe injury or a punch-up (fight), time is tacked on at the end of the quarter. Each team is allowed two substitutes. Teams change ends every quarter and there is a 15-minute break between halves.

My addiction to Australian Rules (known Down Under as "footy") sometimes led me to set the alarm for five in

continued



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FIRST PERSON *continued*

the morning because of the vagaries of ESPN's scheduling. The game soon spoiled pro football and soccer for me, the former now ponderous and deadily dull because of the long breaks in the action, the latter a bit on the delicate side and low-scoring to boot. Because the action closely follows the ball, footy isn't at all difficult to comprehend on the tube. Besides, who can resist the doyen of Australian sports announcers, former footy great Lou Richards, when during a hard-fought match he invariably intones, "It's been a ding-dong struggle all day."

ESPN first showed Australian Rules last year but did very little to promote it, scheduling the games at odd hours of the day and night. It never did get around to explaining the rules, probably figuring it wasn't worth the bother, footy being just some more inexpensive programming that might prove moderately amusing. Perhaps to the network's chagrin, the game caught on, and ESPN was ill-equipped to provide rules to Rules and more information in response to a flood of letters and phone calls from excited viewers. Indeed, based on a mail survey, footy turned out to be ESPN's fourth most popular sport in the fall, after Canadian football, college football and auto racing.

This season ESPN is carrying 27 games—22 regular-season matches, three playoff matches, the Grand Final, and an all-star match—one each week to assuage its addicts who last year never knew from one week to the next when footy would be scheduled. (Once I got up at 5:30 a.m. to watch, only to discover it was a repeat of the match the week before.) ESPN now carries the game Tuesdays at 5 p.m. EST, with a repeat the next day at 8 a.m.—not exactly prime time.

And there is a lag of at least six weeks between the time a match is played and when we see it. The 1981 season began in Australia on March 28 and ran through the Grand Final on Sept. 26; ESPN started its coverage May 8 and will continue it until Dec. 25. More than half an hour of play in the first two quarters is edited out so that a game will fit into a 90-minute slot, ESPN's Steve Bornstein foresees a time when the lag will be sharply reduced or eliminated entirely and the games carried live.

Luckily for me, I'm a freelance writer and can always catch the action. Occasionally I even get a furtive midweek call

continued



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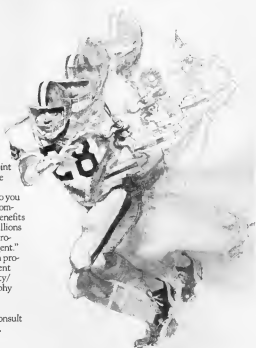
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FIRST PERSON *continued*

from a sympathetic friend: "Doing anything around lunch, mate? I've got the videotape of the game played two Saturdays ago." So off I trek into midtown Manhattan to watch Australian Broadcasting's superb one-hour wrap-up, *The Winners*, with a couple of other addicts in a nearly deserted screening room. It's not quite like being there, but it sure beats waiting around another month for the ESPN broadcast.

What we addicts see on ESPN are the top Australian teams, all members of the Victorian Football League, which consists of 12 clubs, 11 of them in and around Melbourne. The other, the Cats, is located in the port city of Geelong, an hour's drive away.

Games are played every Saturday afternoon and on the occasional holiday Monday, drawing upwards of 150,000 barrackers (fans) into the league's stadiums—that's roughly 5% of the 2.9 million people who live in the Melbourne area. That isn't surprising, because each club has a fervent local following. Those who miss the live action can watch a two-hour TV show on Sunday nights that features replays, interviews and discussion. Oh to be in Melbourne!

While it's pretty hard to cheer on a favored team from 10,000 miles or so away, it's a safe bet to follow the fortunes of the Collingwood Magpies, which my source, "Down Under," compares with the New York Yankees for depth of talent and the inherent wherewithal to take the Grand Final in any season—they've done it 13 times in all, a total matched by only one other team, the Carlton Blues—or at least to be one of the five teams to make the playoffs. Other traditionally strong teams are the North Melbourne Kangaroos and the Hawthorn Hawks. But, says Down Under, other clubs to watch are Geelong, the Essendon Bombs (a very young team some call the "Bloody Essendon Kids") and the Fitzroy Lions.

As for me I diligently follow North Melbourne, poring over the weekly league statistics that I get by mail. Last season, when I became a barracker, the team failed to make the playoffs for the first time since 1974. This year the 'Rocs had a strong start but began to fade in the stretch. Although the playoffs and Grand Final have already been played in Australia, I won't spoil the ending for those who'll watch ESPN and come to share my footy fetish.

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

"THEY SHOULD BE FOR YOU"

It's the journalist's mission to write about people, not for them. Unfortunately, this distinction appears difficult for some to grasp. Among those having trouble getting the point at the moment are:

- Jet Quarterback Richard Todd, who pushed *New York Post* writer Steve Serby into a locker to protest what he felt was negative coverage (page 24). Of Serby and other sportswriters, Todd said, "They should be for you."

- Bob Trumpy, NBC telecaster and former Cincinnati tight end, who defended Todd's actions by saying on TV, "There comes a point as a player where you're so frustrated from the bad press, what can you do?" Answering his own question, Trumpy said, "These are athletic people, they are big people and you have to expect something like [Todd pushing Serby]."

- Clemson Athletic Director Bill McLellan, who spurned requests from ABC for comment on charges by two football recruiting prospects that Clemson had offered them money and, for good measure, threatened to keep the Tigers' Nov. 7 game against North Carolina off ABC if the network aired interviews it had conducted with the two.

- ABC-TV Sports publicist Donn Bernstein, who, while denying that the network's subsequent failure to air the offending interviews had been influenced by McLellan's threat, said with tortured logic, "It would not have been fair to use the interviews with the two kids without any response from Clemson."

- Kerry Sipe, managing editor of the Charlottesville (Va.) *Daily Progress*, whose sports editor, Gary Cramer, was fired last week after writing a series critical of the University of Virginia's football team (1-9 this season) and its coach, Dick Bestwick, with whom Cramer had feuded. According to Cramer, Sipe had told him that Bestwick wanted the paper to put somebody else on the football beat and had mentioned at the time of the sacking "that I had had three years to

iron out my differences with Bestwick and had been unable to do so." Bestwick acknowledged that he complained to Cramer about what the coach considered to be negative coverage of the Cavalier football team. Cramer said the "complaint" consisted, in part, of Bestwick "physically pressing his nose against mine and telling me he was going to 'kick my ass.'"

As these examples suggest, strong support exists for the notion that sportswriters and sportscasters should be cheerleaders for the teams they cover. The reason this notion takes hold, of course, is that they all too often are cheerleaders. Thus, former NFL Coach John Madden, now a TV analyst, noted on a recent *Giant-Packer* telecast that "every time somebody does something [during a game], we say what a great guy he is." Whereupon Madden said what a great guy Green Bay Kicker Jan Stenerud was. In point of fact, not all people involved in sports are so great, not all the time, anyway. The fact that journalists who dare to suggest as much are pushed, threatened and fired only serves to prove the point.

THE THREATENED-FURSE SYNDROME

Some cynical boxing observers don't think it was an injury, as official word had it, that prompted Gerry Cooney to withdraw from his Dec. 5 tuneup against Joe Bugner. They believe Cooney was simply afraid of jeopardizing his \$10 million fight against Larry Holmes next March, a fear kindled by the latter's recent close call against Renaldo Snipes. This dark theory is succinctly expressed by Ferdie Pacheco, the NBC commentator and former ring physician, who says, "The Snipes right that knocked down Holmes gave Cooney a severe back injury." Thanks, Doc. Next case, please.

SPLITSPLASH

It was 1 a.m. when passersby in Troy, N.Y. saw the shadowy figure of a man throw a heavy object off the Troy-Menands Bridge, then speed away in his car:

Summoned to the scene, police and firemen looked out into the murky waters of the Hudson River. They saw nothing. Witnesses provided police with the mystery man's license-plate number, and it was traced to William Biette, 37. He came clean. He said he was a 180-average bowler who had had such a frustrating night on the lanes, averaging just 156 for four games, that he told his bowling companions he was going to throw his ball off the nearest bridge. Which he then proceeded to do. The police didn't press charges, sympathetically noting in their report that Biette had heaved the ball



into the drink because it had "let him down earlier in the evening."

The Albany *Times-Union* was somewhat less solicitous. Its story of Biette's tantrum was accompanied by a photo of the bridge with a dotted line superimposed to show the path of the ball falling toward the water. The dotted line wasn't straight. The artist had impulsively drawn it with a sweeping hook, the sort of hook that wouldn't pick up a 7-10 split in a million years.

A QUESTION OF BLAME

The Boston *Herald American* recently polled readers for their views on who's to blame for the disappointing showing this season of the New England Patriots, who have a 2-10 record. The poll elicited 759 responses, with Patriot Coach Ron Erhardt, owner Billy Sullivan, General Manager Backo Kilroy and the Pat players, in that order, being most often singled out as the culprits. Other readers

continued

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So which is it going to be? Snapshots? Or great pictures?

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mentioned the weather, the Russians, defective footballs and Richard Nixon. Nine fans shrewdly blamed the opposition.

The poll angered Sullivan, who has feuds going with both Boston papers. Two weeks ago he filed a \$5 million libel suit against *The Boston Globe* and columnist David Farrell over an Oct. 4 story alleging that Sullivan had used his influence during World War II to get a "soft" job in public relations at the U.S. Naval Academy and quoting the late Richard Cardinal Cushing as saying he had "never got a dime" out of three Patriot charity exhibition games. As for the *Herald American's* poll, Sullivan wrote a letter to the paper suggesting that it similarly survey readers about who's to blame for the paper's own woes, which include an estimated loss last year of \$10 million. High on Sullivan's own list of nominees was *Herald American* Editor Donald Forst, who reportedly came up with the idea to run the poll on the Patriots.

TEAMMATES

Cuba's national women's basketball team beat Old Dominion 71-68 last week in Norfolk, Va., as demonstrators angrily protested the presence in the U.S. of athletes representing Fidel Castro's country. In contrast to this confrontation was a unique situation in Montreal, where Cubans and Americans were teammates in the World Cup Boxing Championships. St's Bob Sullivan explains:

The format for the biennial amateur competition called for teams to enter on a continental basis. The North American team, one of 10 in the tournament, had been selected during four days of trials in September in Shreveport, La. Fighters from Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic had vied for spots on the 12-man team but all were eliminated; the team that wound up at a three-week training camp in Colorado Springs, Colo. consisted of seven Cubans and five U.S. boxers. By virtue of this breakdown, Cuba's Alcides Sagarra became head coach, an American, Joe Clough, his assistant.

"In Shreveport our guys had watched the Cubans line up like they were in the military and had snickered," Clough said. "Now, with 'AI' handling the training, we had to line up. Nobody snickered." But Clough added that Sagarra turned out to be less rigid than he first appeared to be. "He said he was going to have a four o'clock workout, and I said, 'No, that's too late. Noon.' And he said, 'O.K.'"

That's when I knew we were going to be all right."

By the time the North American team arrived in Montreal, the Cuban and U.S. fighters were quite comfortable with one another. Lightweight Angel Herrera, a two-time Olympic gold medalist, excitedly ran up to a couple of U.S. boxers to show them a Havana newspaper with their photos in it. After grooving on some Latin-rhythm tapes belonging to middleweight Jose Gomez, light welterweight James Machell of the U.S. reciprocated by giving the Cuban fighter a Commodores tape. Of the Cubans, who, like the U.S. boxers, were black, Mitchell said, approvingly, "They were soul brothers... originally."

During the bouts at Maurice Richard Arena, a sensible protocol prevailed. When a Cuban was fighting, Sagarra did the talking between rounds in the corner, while Clough administered the water and towels, when a U.S. fighter was up, the two coaches switched roles. The battle for the Cup quickly came down to North America vs. an all-Soviet team designated as Europe I (there also was a Europe II team consisting entirely of Bulgarians), and this produced the odd spectacle of Cubans cheering for U.S. boxers to knock out Russians. Many Americans in the crowd similarly cheered for the Cubans, with one exception. As the host country, Canada had been allowed to enter its own team, whose star, Toronto's lead-with-the-chin Shawn O'Sullivan, made it to the finals. After twice taking eight counts in the first round, the gritty O'Sullivan, a light welterweight, roared back to decision another Cuban Olympic gold medalist, Armando Martinez, to the crowd's thunderous approval. The U.S. spectators got swept up in the O'Sullivan fever for the same reason they'd previously cheered Cubans: In this strange World Cup competition, sport was above other allegiances.

Herrera, Gomez and two other Cubans won individual titles. Three U.S. boxers advanced to the finals, and while only heavyweight Carl Williams won, it was his unanimous decision over Aleksandr Jagubkin of the U.S.S.R. that clinched the team victory for North America, 41 points to the Soviet Union's 36, with Canada and South America next with 30 apiece. At a binational victory party in a Montreal hotel, it was agreed that Cuba would keep the World Cup trophy for a year, then send it to the U.S.

There was also talk about a trip to Havana by a U.S. boxing team scheduled for late February. "But we'll be enemies then," said an American. Replied a Cuban: "Only in the ring."

THE MIGHTY (5-11) GREY CUP FINALIST

The fact that the Cincinnati Reds, with the best regular-season record in baseball, failed to qualify for the 1981 post-season playoffs demonstrated just how flawed the major leagues' split-season format was and raised the embarrassing question: What did all those regular-season games mean, anyway? But then, the same question can be asked in other sports. The latest case in point is the Canadian Football League, in which six of the nine teams make it into the post-season chase for the Grey Cup, Canada's equivalent of the Super Bowl.

This year's CFL playoff qualifiers included the Ottawa Rough Riders, who were 5-11 during the regular season. No matter. The Rough Riders beat the Montreal Alouettes, who had an even worse 3-13 record, in the Eastern Division semifinal and then upset the heavily favored Hamilton Tiger-Cats 17-13 in the division finals on a fourth-quarter pass that resulted in a touchdown when two Hamilton defensive backs collided. That put Ottawa in Sunday's Grey Cup against the Edmonton Eskimos, who boasted a 14-1-1 regular-season record and were 22½-point favorites to win an unprecedented fourth straight Grey Cup. The Roughriders led the faltering Eskimos 20-1 at halftime only to lose 26-23 on an Edmonton field goal with three seconds to go in the game, thereby failing in their bid to outdo the rags-to-riches story of the 1937-38 Chicago Black Hawks, who won the Stanley Cup despite a regular-season record of 14-25-9.

THEY SAID IT

■ Jack Rothrock, Greensboro, N.C. businessman who played center for Guilford College in a 60-6 loss to Bear Bryant's Maryland team in 1945, the first of Bryant's 314 coaching victories: "The thing I remember is that the crowd sang *Maryland, My Maryland* after each touchdown, even the four that they called back. By the end of the first quarter I knew all the words."

■ Ted Watts, on his role as the Oakland Raiders' punt-return specialist: "It's like embalming. Nobody likes to do it, but someone has to."

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In Todd They Trust

Richard Todd, despite a broken rib and a bum ankle, passed the Jets to a thriller of a win over Miami and into first in the AFC East by **PAUL ZIMMERMAN**

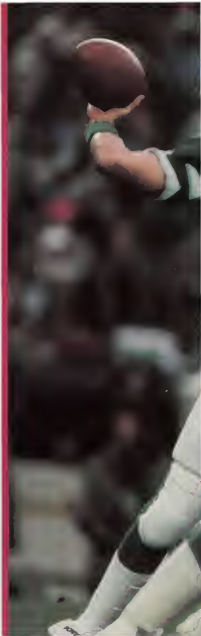
The clock showed three minutes to play. Seventy-seven yards and seven points and the Miami Dolphins stood between the New York Jets and a share of first place in the AFC East. And as Jet Quarterback Richard Todd came slouching onto the field there was a tremendous feeling of *déjà vu* in Shea Stadium.

It was a Joe Namath feeling. You could close your eyes and see No. 12 trotting out in that stiff-legged way of his, shoulders hunched over as he leaned into the terrible late autumn winds of Shea, hands tucked into the special pockets in his jersey. Joe Willie, cold, hurting, yes, you knew what was going to happen. Those little tip-toe steps back—set up, sight, aim, fire—the defense coming unhinged.

But it is five years into the post-Namath era for the Jets, and the quarterback on Sunday was Todd. Sure, he'd had good outings, plenty of them, but the New York fans had yet to see him pull out a meaningful game in the dying moments. Todd had never quarterbacked a contending team in November; in fact, the Jets hadn't been in the race for a division lead this late in the season since 1969 when they were defending Super Bowl champs and Namath was 26 years old and the AFC was still called the AFL. As Todd came onto the field, limping slightly on the left ankle that he'd sprained two quarters earlier, the rib he'd broken the week before wrapped in a Casco Rib Protector and a Byron Donzis Flak

continued

Todd's protection included heavy padding around his rib cage, hampering his passing to the outside.





Jacket and a special amplifying microphone inside his helmet in case his voice should suddenly fail him, Tight End Jerome Barkum's thoughts journeyed backward in time.

"Oh yes, I was thinking of Joe," said Barkum, the only member of the offensive unit on the field who had been in a huddle with Namath. Barkum would shortly catch the 11-yard touchdown pass that would give the Jets a 16-15 victory with 16 seconds left. "I was thinking about how many times I saw him come on that field hurting. The way Richard's head was down, the way he hunched over, that reminded me of Joe. It took me back. Joe playing on those busted-up knees of his, Richard playing today with the broken rib and the bad ankle—those things take courage."

It was a very bad situation for Todd. The pain in the rib had been deadened by an injection—"It wasn't a displaced fracture. The bone was just cracked," Todd said of the injury he had suffered in the Jets' win over New England, "and the flak jacket protected it from further damage"—but he was having trouble setting up on the swelling ankle. When he tried to put anything on a sideline pass, the ball would take a dive. The double protective wraps around his ribs were strangling his delivery to the outside. He could

throw O.K. down the middle, but the Dolphins were making things nasty with a new blitzing scheme—two linebackers shooting in from the Jets' left side, Todd's blind side.

But while the Jets' offense was struggling, their defense was making things just as miserable for the Dolphins. With 10½ minutes to go in the game, New York had held Miami to no first downs and 14 yards, total, in the second half, and the Dolphins were hanging on to a three-point lead by their fingernails. Then, suddenly, Miami found a running game. The Dolphins ate up more than seven minutes on a run-only drive that ended in a 23-yard field goal and gave Miami a 15-9 lead.

The crowd woke up when Todd and the New York offense took over at their own 23 with three minutes to go, and there were groans when two plays gaining 11 yards ate up a full minute on the clock. In the Namath era this wouldn't have happened. Namath called his own plays; he knew how to work the clock. Everything is sent in now, and something was lost in translation; the Jets never went into their hurry-up offense. They made up for it with corporate planning, with a drive in which Todd completed seven of 10 passes. The completions went to seven different receivers—three run-

ning backs, three wide receivers and, finally, the TD throw to the tight end, Barkum. Two wide receivers were on the right side, Barkum was split left, and Todd hit him coming across the middle. The play is called 45-Option, and Barkum's journey took him past a linebacker, Earnie Rhone, and between the nickel back, Don Besalieu, and the strong safety, Glenn Blackwood.

The Jets are now tied with Miami for first place in the AFC East at 7-4-1. They have not lost to Miami in four seasons, and if they end up tied with the Dolphins, they will represent the division in the playoffs because they have beaten and tied Miami this season.

The story of the 1981 Jets, at least at this stage of the season, is one of redemption—of the club itself and of Coach Walt Michaels. After three starts the Jets were 0-3. Buffalo had crushed them 31-0 in the opener. Then they blew a two-touchdown lead to Cincinnati while tying a club record for penalties with 14. In his press session the following day, Michaels flew into a rage at one reporter and impressed the others as being a man on the ropes.

The next weekend the Jets were blown out 38-10 by the Steelers. They gave up the most rushing yardage (343) in their history. "We're tight and scared that we

Barkum, the last remaining receiver from the Namath Jets, stirred memories of the glory days when he caught this 11-yard game-winner.





Klecko (73) and Gastineau (99) head a Jet pass rush that dumped Woodley three times.

might make mistakes," Fullback Tom Newton said. Added Todd, "We'd better stick together because we're the only friends we have out there."

Michael's job was reportedly in jeopardy. Not true, said Jet President Jim Kensil. New York then beat Houston, thanks to eight quarterback sacks and three interceptions of Ken Stabler, and the following week tied the Dolphins in a game that left a bad taste because the Jets pulled in their horns and went for a hopeless 48-yard field goal into the wind at the end of overtime.

Then the miracle happened. New York ran off six victories in the next seven games, while the Dolphins were losing four, and now the Jets are in a formidable position. In their last four games they play Baltimore, Seattle, Cleveland and Green Bay. Meanwhile the Dolphins must face Philadelphia, followed by New England, Kansas City and Buffalo.

There are some old-fashioned stories of personal revival on the Jets. Todd's is the most interesting recovery story of all. It's April 8, 1976, draft day at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York. The Jets are coming off a 3-11 season, and they have the sixth pick in the first round. The fans are tired of Namath. DRAFT TODD banners flutter from the gallery. "You've got it," Commissioner Pete Rozelle says from the podium, cocking a finger at the fans. "The Jets on the first round select Richard Todd, quarterback from Alabama." There is prolonged cheering.

Todd has shown the utmost courage in

his six years with the Jets. He has played hurt—and he has played under four different offensive coordinators. And he has played to an almost continuous chorus of boos in recent seasons. Jet fans booed Todd when he regained his starting job from Matt Robinson in '79. They booed him unmercifully when his 30 interceptions led the league in 1980. They booed him on general principle this year. "Sure the boos hurt me," Todd says. "I'm human, too. They would even boo me during the introductions."

For a while this season Todd wouldn't give postgame interviews. Then on Nov. 4 he made national headlines when he struck back at his harshest critic, reporter Steve Serby of the *New York Post*. Serby had been a Robinson man. He had been very tough on Todd, and on Michaels, underscoring the fear and tension that ran through the Jets' locker room. Some of the Jets were afraid to be seen talking to him. Others felt Serby was one of the few reporters who wrote what was really happening. After the Jets beat the Giants to even their record at 4-4-1, Serby tried to make his peace with Todd, who told him to shove off. Serby didn't. Todd grabbed Serby by the throat and shoved him into a locker. Serby wound up in Nassau County Medical Center for observation. Serby and the *Post* filed criminal assault charges. The next day the Jet players had cordoned off the area around Todd's locker, as if it had been ordered by the local police. On the floor they had chalked the

outline of where the body had lain. "You have a chance of making the front and back page of the *Post*," Jet publicist Frank Ramos told Todd, "for the first time since they ran the picture of Carmine Galante shot dead with the cigar in his mouth."

The Nassau County DA's office subsequently threw out the criminal charges against Todd, suggesting that the matter be referred to the Community Dispute Center, which is where a citizen goes when a neighbor's dog makes poopie on his lawn. On the Sunday following the incident Todd went out and threw for 277 yards and three TDs against the Colts. The Jets won 41-14.

"I'm sorry I lost my temper like that," Todd said last week, "but there comes a time when you can only take so much. I'm a moody person. I could understand bad things being written about me last year. Hell, I threw 30 interceptions. But when everything is negative, negative—even when you win it's negative—well, there's only so much you can take."

No one booed Todd last Sunday. "He played in pain and he pulled it out for us," Michaels said. "I looked at his face every time he came off the field, and there wasn't one time I saw an unusual expression on it—except for a win look. What's a win look? It's something Namath had, something all the good ones seem to have. I think this game will be a milestone in his career."

Todd is having his best season, but the real story of the 1981 Jets is their defense. Defense made New York a Super Bowl team in 1968, and it has made it a division leader this year. Right End Joe Klecko, with 16 sacks to his credit, is playing the position better than anyone else in the NFL. Mark Gastineau, the end on the left side, is a rarity, a pure sack artist who stands 6' 5", weighs 276 and runs a 4.58 forty. For a decade the pass rush has been the Jets' big failing, but now New York's strength in this aspect of the game forces teams to prepare for the Jets a bit differently.

Hope has sprung up in the hearts of New York fans who have suffered through 11 nonwinning seasons. Banners have appeared: GASTINEAU'S GANG, KLECKO'S KLAN, JETS' PRIDE, PLAYOFF FEVER—CATCH IT. But there's a month to go, and strange things can happen.

No one knows that better than Richard Todd and the Jets.



Don't Blame Me, I Just Want To Have Fun!

The Lakers were winning, but Magic Johnson and the owner were not enjoying it. Solution: Can the coach

by **ANTHONY COTTON**

Thirty minutes after the Los Angeles Lakers had thrashed the San Antonio Spurs 136-116 last Friday night at The Forum, Magic Johnson felt not only relieved and vindicated but just plain good, too. He had scored 20 points, grabbed 10 rebounds, dished out 16 assists, had three steals and one block—and had turned boos to cheers. More important, at least from his point of view, he was having fun again.

"Yeah, I'm happy and so are him and him and him," Johnson said, gesturing toward the empty lockers of teammates Norm Nixon, Jamaal Wilkes and

'Why was it wrong for me to talk?' Magic asked. 'Should I shut up and be unhappy?'

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, whose happiness votes, if Magic's words were taken at face value, evidently had been proxied to him. "This is the way it was two years ago, those ecstasy buckets. You see the way we were moving tonight? Pow-pow-pow. See the way Kareem was handling the ball out there? When he gets into that mood, whew!"

But no one's mood had been as closely watched this night as Johnson's. How's that? Wasn't this the player whose ebullient personality as much as his extraordinary skills had turned Michigan State into an NCAA champion in 1979 and the Lakers into NBA title-winners the next year—when he might have been a 20-year-old college junior? But of late he wasn't having fun anymore. Sure, the Lakers were still an exciting team, and, sure, they were in the midst of a winning streak that would stretch to seven straight by last weekend. Still, until the defeat of the Spurs, Magic hadn't been finding 1981-82 anywhere near as enjoyable as 1979-80. So, for the modicum of making Johnson and his buddy, Laker owner Jerry Buss, unhappy by creating an unimaginative offense—one in which, according to Magic, the team wasn't getting enough shots—Coach Paul Westhead was fired and replaced by his assistant, Pat Riley, with former Laker Coach Jerry West coming on to coach the offense. Certainly there were no sound basketball reasons for the change.

Two nights before, after the Lakers had beaten the Utah Jazz 113-110 for their fifth straight victory, Westhead had met with Johnson to express his displeasure over what he called a "lack of concentration on Magic's part." That reportedly meant that either Johnson hadn't listened to Westhead during a time-out late in that night's game or had failed to run a play to the coach's satisfaction. In the locker room after that meeting, Johnson told the press that he couldn't play under Westhead's system anymore and that he wanted to be traded. After the Lakers arrived back in Los Angeles the next morning, Buss called a press conference, and Westhead was gone, with the remaining three years of his four-

year, \$1.1 million contract guaranteed.

Before last week it was hard to imagine anything more unlikely than Johnson causing his coach to be fired. After all, he's the love-everybody kid whom all of L.A. had taken to its heart when he had almost singlehandedly beaten the Philadelphia 76ers in the sixth and deciding

Johnson took the shot on the Lakers' last play in that defeat and came up with nothing but air. That was no fun.

About two months later, Buss made a shocking announcement: He had signed Johnson to a 25-year, \$25 million contract starting in 1984. Barely a month after Abdul-Jabbar heard about that deal

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY MILLAN



Who's in charge here, anyway? Riley rises for the defense, West sits for the offense.

game of the 1980 NBA finals. Abdul-Jabbar was hurt and didn't make the trip east, so the 6'9" Johnson, moving from guard to center—with a 37-point boost from Wilkes—took things into his own hands: 42 points, 15 rebounds, seven assists and an NBA title. After the game, Johnson told a national TV audience that this one was for Kareem: "Hey, big fella, we'll be dancing on the plane for you."

Johnson missed 45 games last season with a left knee injury but came back with a month to go, and all seemed right with the Lakers—until they were upset in a playoff mini-series with Houston.

he was in Buss's office demanding that the owner regain his senses. Surely you can't be serious, Jerry. Magic's a great kid and a terrific player, but with that kind of money, nobody's going to be able to talk to him—not even the coach. . . . Abdul-Jabbar was assuaged, but the seeds of discord had been planted.

Came the new season, and Johnson immediately showed that Abdul-Jabbar's fears were well founded. Seems the 42-year-old Westhead, a coach with 11 years of experience in the college and pro game, felt he had the prerogative to install 25 or 30 new plays, many of which

continued

were designed to get the ball in to the center, a fellow by the name of Abdul-Jabbar. An opening-night double-overtime loss to those pesky Rockets on national TV didn't set well with Buss, even though a desperation three-point shot by Johnson had sent the game into the first overtime. By the sixth game, an embarrassing 128-102 defeat at San Antonio on Nov. 10, which dropped L.A.'s record to 2-4, Buss had had enough. "There was a lack of excitement on offense that I wanted to see," he would say later. "I want to see a fluid team on the floor. I enjoyed 'Showtime' [the L.A. media's and Buss's word for exciting play] and I want to see it again . . . I'm speaking as much as a fan as anything else."

Through the Lakers' first 11 games, Johnson averaged 17.4 points, three steals and a league-leading 10 assists—but he wasn't enjoying himself. "I'm here to play ball and have fun, and that hasn't been happening," he said early Friday afternoon. "I'm not here to get anyone fired. I'm not management, I'm just a player like everyone else. I run laps and get fines, too."

That's vintage Magic, which is why it's so hard to believe he actually precipitated Westhead's firing. But if he did—and only he and Buss know for sure—he has undergone an abrupt transformation: The 20-year-old who had the ability to make everyone smile just by walking into a room, onto a court or into a 7-Up commercial has turned into a greedy, petulant and obnoxious 22-year-old.

This is considered so unlikely a turn of events that there's a theory afoot in L.A. that Buss talked Magic into complaining about the offense. And that gave Buss a reason to fire Westhead, who had won 112 games in two seasons.

For the record, Buss says that even without Johnson's statements, he "was sure" Westhead would have been gone within a matter of days. But the fact that it happened less than a day after Johnson's outburst in Utah gave some Lakers cause to wonder. Wilkes, who was "shocked" by Johnson's statements, had this thought: "If he [Magic] got mad at a player, would the player be gone the next day?"

At least one Laker fan thinks Westhead's dismissal could be beneficial. "Any change, no matter how small, will have a dramatic effect, because no one knows what's going on," says actor Wal-

ter Matthau, a longtime season-ticket holder. "If you have a factory and one day dim all the lights, the workers will wonder, 'Why are the lights down?' and they'll work harder. Two weeks later turn the lights up high. They'll say, 'Why are they so bright?' The question is, how long will the effect of the changes last?"

Like the workers in Matthau's factory, no one seemed to know what was going on at the press conference announcing Westhead's firing. Buss said that West would be the offensive coach, with Riley "continuing to be a coach," the implication being that West would be in charge. Not so, said West, the 14-time Laker All-Star guard and coach from 1976-77 to 1978-79: "My role will be working with and for Pat Riley." Riley, who had been notified of his promotion only two hours before the press conference, then said that he was in control of the team. Another surprise for Buss came when both Riley and West said the Lakers' problems weren't, as Buss had indicated, major. West even went so far as to say the area needing the most work was the defense, which wasn't why he was brought in.

The proceedings were strongly reminiscent of the Lakers' mishandling of the plight of Coach Jack McKinney two seasons ago when McKinney was seriously injured after falling off a bicycle 13

games into the season. Assistant Coach Westhead took over the team and remained in control even after McKinney's recovery. Buss, unable to make a choice between the two men and unwilling to disturb the chemistry on what had become a winning squad, let McKinney languish as a scout before choosing Westhead as the permanent coach in mid-February, in part because he and Westhead got along well together. The choice looked like a great one when the Lakers went on to win the championship. Four days after the title was won Buss signed Westhead to the four-year, million-dollar contract, calling him "the best basketball coach in the world."

The Lakers already possessed perhaps the best fast break in the league, but Westhead wanted to increase Los Angeles' proficiency at running a set offense by installing a new system this fall. "There was just too much thinking," one player said. "Everybody was wondering who was supposed to be doing this and doing that. We couldn't just go out there and say, 'I can do what I want.'"

Westhead, perhaps unaware of his players' grumbling and his owner's dissatisfaction, stayed with the new offense. "I thought we were becoming an excellent team," he said upon being fired. But not an esthetically pleasing one. The first

Magic's 20 points, 16 assists and 10 rebounds Friday turned The Forum boos to cheers.



five games of the win streak—the ones Westhead coached—were decided by a total of 11 points.

That wasn't the kind of excitement Buss had in mind. On Nov. 15 he met with West and General Manager Bill Sharman and told them he wanted to dismiss Westhead for uninspired victories over what he perceived to be inferior opponents. He says he was talked out of it by the other two. That evening the Lakers struggled through another double-overtime game, beating the Pacers 124-123. Three nights later came the Utah game and Magic's moment. At 11:30 a.m. the next day Buss again met with West and Sharman. With Johnson's trade demand in the papers, all three men were now in agreement that a change should be made, and West volunteered his services. Buss accepted the offer and then tried to notify some of the Laker veterans. He succeeded only in reaching the captain, Abdul-Jabbar, who later said, "I'm disappointed at the way it happened." There was also a conversation with Johnson that lasted less than a minute. The subject: a birthday party that Buss and Johnson were to attend that evening.

At approximately 1:30, Westhead, who was about to leave his Forum office to go home and study some San Antonio game films, was called and asked to meet with Buss in less than an hour. By 3:15 he was unemployed, although he refused to believe his offense was to blame. "No one—player or coach—could have been more desirous of running the ball than I was," Westhead said. "I don't know that it wasn't happening; it's difficult to make an evaluation after 11 games. Very clearly, if we weren't running it wasn't a result of me and what I was trying to do."

Riley agrees: "Any time you run an offense with a center in the low post," he says, "you're going to have trouble with the half-court offense, a lack of movement, and it also tends to put restrictions on freelancing. Even when we won the championship there were players unhappy with the offense."

This time it was Johnson who spoke up: "Why was it wrong for me to talk? Should I shut up and be unhappy and jeopardize the team, waiting for something to blow up?"

"Ask anyone who saw us. We were the dullest team in the league. I'd look at films and say, 'What is this?' We would



Westhead wanted the Lakers to run ...

get dressed before games and there would be no enthusiasm, nothing; we'd all just sit there."

If there ever was a time that Johnson didn't want to be blah, it was against the Midwest Division-leading Spurs last Friday, when for the first time he would be cast in the role of a villain. "I know I'm going to be booed but I have to deal with it," he said. "As long as I know in my heart that I didn't try to get him fired, I can handle it." Would he make something special happen right away in an effort to win over the fans? He giggled and said, "If it comes right away, that would be good. I think something good will be there."

Johnson, the first Laker starter introduced, was roundly booed, and the razzberries resumed the first time he touched the ball. Even though he passed off for an assist the next time downcourt, the noise continued, but things were slowly changing. First came a trickle of cheers, then a torrent halfway through the second period. Rebounding a missed shot, Johnson dribbled down the left sideline. Just after he crossed halfcourt, he illey-ooped a pass to a streaking Michael Cooper for a dunk. Twenty-eight seconds later he scored on a jump hook. Twenty-two seconds thereafter he fed Abdul-Jabbar for a basket. Less than a minute later Johnson was slicing through the middle for a layup. And 26 seconds after that he repeated the act. In the final five minutes of the half, Johnson would score eight more



... but Buss wanted to rerun Showtime.

points and pass for another pair, capping a quarter of 14 points, four rebounds and five assists.

The second half was more of the same as Johnson's enthusiasm spread to the other Lakers, particularly Mitch Kupchak, who for the game was 11 for 11 from the field with 17 rebounds, and Abdul-Jabbar, who scored 30 points, even filled the wings on some fast breaks, and brought the ball upcourt a couple of times. The Lakers' 136 points surpassed their high this season in regulation time by 15 points and were 28 more than their season average. More important, especially for Johnson, there were at least 30 Laker points off the fast break, more than they had in any game under Westhead. After the game, Riley, the un-coach, accepted congratulations all around for the sage advice he gave his team. "I told them to wing it—just like I was doing," he said. Another smiling face belonged to Buss, who thanked each player individually for his effort. "This, I think, is the beginning of Showtime," said Buss. "At least the curtain is up."

But, alas, the curtain is down on the old Magic. Johnson, who had been criticized from coast to coast, was clearly still a great player. Just as clearly, he's no longer such a great guy.



Pelluer's duck helped down the Cougars.

There Was Sure To Be A Wash. Out

the Husky offense, which fluctuated all season between unproductive and awful—Washington was next to last in the Pac-10 in total offense going into Saturday's game. No wonder that when Husky Coach Don James was asked before the game if his team was good enough, or even worthy of going to Pasadena, he said, "Sometimes I wonder."

He wondered because of plays like Saturday's crucial one, which came with 15 seconds to go in the second quarter and the ball on the Cougar 15. Pelluer, who by then had silenced his critics up in the stands with several creditable throws—he finished the day completing 7 of 18 passes—was late finding Flanker Paul Skansi, who was running a corner route, and thus Pelluer threw late, a recipe for disaster. Worse, the ball was a duck, a real quacker. It fluttered and floated as it tried to make progress

Washington earned its Rose Bowl berth in an intrastate showdown

by **DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

against a swirling wind. But Skansi, who could have nodded off while waiting for the pass, suddenly came back up from deep in the end zone and made a lunging grab at the goal line for a touchdown.

When Pelluer hugged him and yelled, "Great, great catch," Skansi, refusing to perjure himself, said, "I couldn't have caught it if you hadn't thrown it." It was the first touchdown scored by Washington's offense in 10 quarters.

And it couldn't have been more timely. It not only gave the Huskies a 10-7 halftime advantage—just when the Cougars thought they were going in with a 7-3 lead—but it proved to Washington

The fans in Seattle started booing late in the first quarter last Saturday, when Washington Quarterback Steve Pelluer threw an errant pass. Pelluer responded by doing the same thing on the next play, sending the boo birds into full song. "I know how they felt," said Pelluer later. "I was concerned, too."

But fortunately for Pelluer, some of his fellow Huskies took the heat off him when they started messing up as well against hated Washington State in the game that would go a long way toward determining who would play in the Rose Bowl. During a 6:29 stretch of the second quarter, one Washington tailback, Jacques Robinson, fumbled twice and lost both; another, Sterling Hinds, dropped the ball once and the alert Cougars snatched that fumble up, too.

That sort of play had been typical of

Skansi's lunging catch for a TD left the Washington State defense hopping mad.



that, even when it was not playing well, it could stay in there against a good team. That was something the Huskies hadn't always done this season. Despite an 8-2 record before Saturday, Washington had not been within hailing distance of UCLA, which waxed the Huskies 31-0, or Arizona, which drilled them 26-7.

And Skansi's touchdown seemed to take the claws out of the Cougars, who, had they won, would have gone to the Rose Bowl for the first time in 51 years. In fact, State football has been in the doldrums for so long that when Assistant Coach Jim Walden became the head man in late 1977—he was the fourth WSU head coach in four years—he went looking for tradition and couldn't find any. The highlights at Washington State were the 1931 Rose Bowl appearance, which the Cougars lost to Alabama 24-0; 1918, when they didn't have a team; and 1943-44, when they didn't have a team for two years.

Even worse, that abysmal history—which also includes a losing streak to Washington that stretches back to 1974—meant that the Cougars had little choice but to endure the condescending treatment of Husky fans who call Washington State "Moo U." "Over the years it

has become fashionable to dump on the Cougars," says Walden. "I tell our players that they're as good as anybody else and that they can color between the lines, too." Just before sending the Cougars onto the field, he said to them softly, "Win, lose or draw, you have already made me the proudest football coach in the world."

They had also made him 8-1-1 going in against Washington. Clearly the Cougs, who hadn't beaten the Huskies since 1973, were capable of playing top-level football, even if they weren't as big, fast, talented or anything else as Washington. But that pathetic pass by Pelluer shut the door to the Rose Bowl on the Cougars. Matters were sealed in the third quarter when, in a 2:12 span, Washington lit up the scoreboard for 10 points. Evidently thrilled that they'd remembered how to score a touchdown, even if it was a funny-looking one, the Huskies did it again when Tailback Ron Jackson got loose around the left side on a 23-yard scoring cruise. Twelve seconds later, Washington State Fullback Robert Williams fumbled a pitch and Husky Tackle Fletcher Jenkins jumped on it to set up a 28-yard Chuck Nelson field goal. That made it 20-10 Washington. In the fourth

quarter Nelson added his third three-pointer of the day, a 34-yarder, to run the final score to 23-10.

When James was asked after the game if he was surprised that Iowa would be the Big Ten's representative in the Rose Bowl, he said, "I'm not any more surprised that Iowa is in it than I am that we're in it." Nicely put. If there was a bowl lineup that appeared a foregone conclusion at the of this season, it was that Michigan and Southern Cal would play in Pasadena. For the national championship, of course. So much for the experts' predictions.

In truth, it's a miracle that the Huskies are making a second straight visit to the Rose Bowl and their fourth bowl appearance in the last five years. They began the season with only three holdover offensive starters. And, as it turned out, those were the good old days. Tailback was supposed to belong to Vince Coby, who sat out 1980 with a knee injury. But when Coby showed up for practice this fall, it was clear that the layoff had robbed him of his speed, and other runners got a look; five others, in fact, have played tailback for Washington this year. Then there was Clifton Johnson, who was said to be set at fullback after also missing *continued*





Achica (78), a veritable one-armed bandit, stole the last-second glory from Johnson.

The Bloom Was Off In Los Angeles

The unlikely hero and his coach danced at midfield like a couple of inebriated circus bears. A few seconds earlier, on the final play of the game, 6' 5", 260-pound, Samoan-born Nose Guard George Achica had snuffed out UCLA's Rose Bowl hopes and saved USC's 22-21 victory by blocking Norm Johnson's field-goal attempt with one big paw. Now Coach John Robinson was all over him.

What was left at the Los Angeles Coliseum after all the excitement was over Saturday were two very good teams shut out of their neighborhood bowl game, but with nice holiday trips planned nonetheless. USC will play Penn State in the Fiesta Bowl; UCLA gets Michigan in the Bluebonnet. And the Trojans' Marcus Allen gets a lock on the Heisman Trophy. Allen carried 40 times for 219 yards and two touchdowns to finish the year with 23 TDs and NCAA seasonal rushing records of 2,342 yards, eight 200-yard games, 212.9 yards per game and 5.81 yards per carry.

And UCLA Coach Terry Donahue is now 1-5 in season finales against USC. On Friday afternoon he said he'd be the first person to both play for and coach UCLA in the Rose Bowl—he was a defensive tackle for the Bruins when they upset Michigan State in 1966. He also said, "It's killed me getting here."

Because the Rose Bowl berth depended at least as much on the matchup in Seattle as on the one in Los Angeles, both teams and the 89,432 fans who packed the Coliseum had two games to worry about. The spectators on either side of the field took turns making noise as the score went from 3-0, USC, to 7-3, UCLA, to 12-7, USC, to 21-12, UCLA. The USC side let out a mighty roar early in the fourth quarter when the Coliseum P.A. an-

nouncer informed the crowd that Washington and Washington State were tied 10-10. USC's Steve Jordan had just kicked his third field goal of the game, a 22-yarder, to make the score 21-15, UCLA. A Trojan TD would mean a USC victory and, if the Washingtons' tie held up, an astronomical odds-breaking trip to the Rose Bowl.

While USC was driving to the UCLA 33, the news from Seattle was that Washington had gone ahead of Washington State 17-10, and Allen immediately fumbled. Despair for Trojan partisans. But three plays later USC had the ball back, on an interception by Troy West, and six plays after that Allen scored from the five. It was 22-21, USC, but UCLA's hopes were not quite crushed. In the final 2:14 the Bruins moved the ball to the USC 29.

In came Norm Johnson, who had hit on 14 of 18 field-goal attempts this season, to try the most important kick of his career from 46 yards, but the Trojans were ready. Assistant Head Coach Marv Goux had spent the week scrutinizing film of UCLA's locking unit. He had detected that Brain Right Guard Mike Mason went into a slightly wider-than-normal split on kicks, so Goux shifted his three interior or defensive linemen slightly to Mason's side. Right Tackle Charles Ussery played head-up on Center Russ Rowell, Left Tackle Dennis Edwards shaded toward Mason, and Nose Guard Achica, who had missed the previous two series because of a slightly separated shoulder, came off the bench to line up between the two. On the snap, Ussery and Edwards lunged low, like blockers opening a hole for Achica. With his left hand, the only one attached to a functioning arm, raised in the air, Achica swatted the football—and the Rose Bowl dream—right back at the dejected Bruins. Said Johnson, "I heard the thump... thump, and I knew it was all over."

As for Donahue, 37, he may be ready for that tombsone. "Right now," he said after the game, "I don't know if I ever want to try to beat USC again."

—JOHN PAPANIK

WASHINGTON continued

1980 with an injury to his knee, but that injury finished his football days. Coby thus moved to fullback. Meanwhile, over at tight end things were taking on the appearance of a big-city emergency room on Saturday night, with the lame and the halt, albeit willing, trying to keep James from having to devise a 10-man offense.

And the situation at quarterback was hardly better. Senior Tim Cowan injured a tendon in the thumb of his throwing hand in the second game of the season. That's how Pelluer got the job.

Even off the field, Washington seemed bent on self-destruction. Robinson fell on some steps, tore open two knuckles on his left hand and missed eight games. Bill Daley, the punter, went out for dinner with his parents at a Seattle-area restaurant after the Oregon game in September. His father went into the rest room and was attacked by two men. Young Daley rushed into the fray and seriously sprained his right knee. He hasn't played since.

All this naturally put the burden on the Washington defense, and it came through by merely being brilliant—leading the conference by giving up only 280.7 yards per game. Though five of the starters have missed at least one game, somehow the unit has held together. Against Stanford, in a 3:09 stretch, the Huskies scored four touchdowns set up by a blocked kick, a recovered fumble, an interception and a punt return for a score. Says defensive coordinator Jim Lambright, "That's when our defensive guys said, 'Hey, we can really help win a game.'"

So could the special teams. In all, they have blocked five kicks, scored twice on punt returns and recovered a fumble on a kickoff for a touchdown.

The Huskies' defensive stalwarts throughout the season have been Jenkins, a happy-go-lucky music major who nonetheless meets ballcarriers quickly and in a foul mood, and Linebacker Mark Jerue, who is philosophical about the team's offensive shortcomings. "The offensive guys stuck with the defense last year when we were young," he says. "So now we'll stick with them." Jenkins and Jerue, the defensive co-captains, each were credited with eight tackles, but the star last Saturday was Linebacker Ken

Driscoll, who had a fumble recovery, a pass interception and 15 tackles, 11 of them unassisted. "I like the satisfaction that I've kicked somebody's butt one on one," says Driscoll. "It's not painful—for me."

Come late November, teams often have a lot of injuries and are reduced to bragging, be it justified or not, about their defense taking up the slack. And the players say their success has come because they've never been on a closer team. So if all this stuff is malarkey, why then are the Huskies 9-2?

The answer is Nelson, the field-goal kicker. "I worry about everything—except Chuck Nelson," says James.

Nelson's three field goals Saturday were buried in an avalanche of praise for the Washington offense, which produced a modest 280 yards rushing and an anemic 58 passing.

Having Nelson, Pelluer says, is "a great weapon." He has hit 16 of 20 field-goal attempts in '81, winning the Cal game (27-26) with a 21-yarder with 11 seconds to go and sewing up the USC game, which Washington won 13-3, with a 46-yarder in the kind of weather that gives typhoons a good name. Against Texas Tech, in a Texas-size wind, he kicked four field goals, including a 51-yarder into the teeth of the gale, as the Huskies struggled to a 14-7 victory.

Nowadays Nelson seems to be more reliable than a savings bond. But that hasn't always been so. Take last year,

when he first won his job. Washington had not missed a PAT in three years and had a string of 111 going for it. But Nelson promptly blew his first point-after attempt and then went on to cast further doubt on his accuracy by missing two 24-yard field-goal attempts. Washington fans reacted to that about the same way they did to some of Pelluer's passing on Saturday. "I could see their point," says Nelson. "I think they felt I should

have been a little more productive." The brainy Nelson, who has a 3.5 average in business administration, boots about 165 balls a week in practice. "But I lock 10 times that many in my mind," he says. "I see it on the tee, I hit it clean, it goes high and straight and end over end. I never miss in my mind."

Nelson has become so good that he intimidates Husky opponents. Washington State knew that anytime the ball got around its 30, Nelson might trot onto the field and do the Cougars in.

Washington State's chances were also hurt by several injuries suffered in the game after a generally injury-free year. Most notable among the victims was Cleve Casper, the Cougars' starting quarterback, who pulled a hamstring in his



Jenkins nabbed this fumble and had a hand in eight tackles.

left leg after making a pitchout in the second quarter. There were faint hopes he might come back, but they vanished when his leg gave way as he walked into the locker room at halftime. Another serious loss was Running Back Tim Harris, who reinjured a tender right knee. Before leaving the game in the third quarter, he had gotten 64 yards to become the most prolific rusher in Washington State history, with 2,130.

The coffin nails were hammered in for the Cougs when it was announced with 10:30 left in the game that USC had beaten UCLA 22-21, assuring roses for the Huskies if they munched on to victory. The crowd went bonkers, and the scoreboard urged people to get out their sun-tan lotion. Said Pelluer, who didn't hear the announcement, "I thought maybe we'd done something great that I hadn't noticed."

As Walden dressed for the five-hour bus ride back across the state to Pullman, he discovered that the Cougars hadn't gone entirely unnoticed. Confirmation came through that they had been invited to the Holiday Bowl, where they will face BYU (see page 93) on Dec. 18. That will be the Cougars' first bowl appearance of any kind in 51 years, but Walden doesn't intend to sit back and admire this 8-2-1 season as a delightful aberration in Cougar football.

He said, "I don't want to be a one-song, sold-a-million-records, whatever-happened-to Johnnie Ray." He won't be, just as soon as he figures out how to beat the Huskies.

END

Nelson's three field goals sealed the Husky win and put him at 16 of 20 for the year.



College Basketball
1981-82

And So, On With

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BO RENFRO



The Show

Check your local listings and you'll see a schedule of games being played this season only because two television networks have gone to war over hoops

by Curry Kirkpatrick



Not so long ago the college basketball fan was considered a pariah among athletic patrons. And the game itself had none of the status, glamour or pugnacity needed to attract special attention. The President never phoned the locker room in college ball; the blimp never hovered over the arena; the freak with the rainbow hair never mugged behind the baseline. College basketball? We're talking Nowheresville. In a national feast fairly burgeoning with the tastes and aromas of sports of all sorts, particularly on the professional level, college basketball was a soggy bologna sandwich—amateur, regional, a fringe sideshow knocking them dead only in the sticks.

The hick college fan was ahead of his time, of course. But as prescient—and, it turns out, as secretly numerous—as he was, he might never have been found were it not for the efforts of a short and round little independent television producer named Eddie Einhorn, who put together a telecast on Jan. 20, 1968 in the Astrodome between unbeaten No. 1 UCLA and unbeaten No. 2 Houston. That game not only attracted 52,693 in-person customers, still the largest basketball crowd in history, but also, through the miracle of TV, it literally discovered the college fan.

The ratings for that telecast—a 23 share of the audience—showed that folks all across the country were fascinated with the game even if it didn't involve their own cherished teams. The game was the thing. *The game.*

The next season NBC began televising the NCAA basketball tournament. In 1973 the network moved the championship game to prime time on Monday night, and by 1975 it was showing regular-season games on both Saturday and Sunday. As television coverage increased, the NCAA began expanding its tournament field, from 32 teams to 40 to 48, and the financial returns soared, too. Each Final Four team in New Orleans next March can expect to make as much as \$500,000. A decade after the first tournament telecasts—a package of seven games—attracted a total audience of 26 million homes, the 1979 title game between Michigan State and Indiana State, that one game, was seen in 25.6 million homes. That is a passel of pariahs.

Last March a different kind of championship was decid-

continued



When a top team hits the road, it risks life, limb and national ranking.

ed. This time a second network, CBS, pulled off a shocking victory by wresting the NCAA tournament rights away from NBC and by establishing a regular-season schedule of its own. NBC countered by calling in its markers from most of the college conferences, setting up dates, times and matchups and jockeying the leagues into another new season with the old peacock. Now NCAA basketball will be nationally televised not only on two days a weekend but on two separate networks, a milestone yet to be attained by NCAA football. Additional coverage is provided by ESPN, USA, Metrosports and other cable-TV outlets. North Carolina Coach Dean Smith says that this season his father in Kansas will be able to see all but four of the Tar Heels' 26 games.



Everybody wants to play at least one game against little ol' Breather U.

The upshot of all this is that schedules, those dangerous, make-or-break lists of games that are rivaled only by flesh and blood recruits in determining a coach's success, have gone absolutely haywire.

A quick perusal of the SI preseason Top 10 teams' dance cards indicates that no longer are the powers-that-be roasting marshmallows in the early going. No. 1 North Carolina, for example, begins the season with games against Kansas, Southern Cal, Tulsa, South Florida, Rutgers and Kentucky before relaxing. In a nine-game stretch No. 4 Kentucky will face Ohio State, Indiana, Kansas, North Carolina, Notre Dame and Georgia. Even No. 2 UCLA, which used to draft its opponents off the playground of the American Kennel Club and would venture out of Pauley Pavilion only for bomb scares, meets Brigham Young, Rutgers, Notre Dame, DePaul, LSU and Maryland before January. Three of those games will be played on the road.

Check your television listings, and you'll see that Louisville will play DePaul, St. John's and Marquette on CBS, and Missouri and Virginia on NBC. DePaul will play UCLA, Marquette and Notre Dame on NBC, and UAB (Alabama-Birmingham) on CBS. Georgetown will play UNLV on CBS, and Missouri on NBC. Michigan at Arkansas and Georgia at San Francisco open the season for CBS this Saturday. It is safe to say that most of these matchups would not have occurred in the pre-TV-war years. And if a better than average team becomes bigger than life because of repeated exposure, so be it.

The expansion of the NCAA tournament is partly responsible for teams seeking real, live competition rather than whipping up on a series of Campbells, Prairie View A&M's and Simon Frasers. It's no small factor, either, that the officials who select the NCAA field realize how much more important it is for a UNLV to go off and lose to a Georgetown by seven than to stay safely home on the Las Vegas Strip and beat a Western New Mexico by 43.

"The upper-echelon teams are moving out from their comfy roosts to go on the road and challenge each other," says Billy Packer, the TV announcer who has switched from NBC to CBS and who, through his personal contacts, created some of the CBS games for this season. "The bigger NCAA field means you don't have to win 20 games to get in the tournament anymore, so coaches aren't afraid to play the other bunches. The TV money, exposure and recruiting benefits are icing on the cake. The old days, when coaches stocked up with non-conference passes or followed the UCLA formula of playing 19 home games, are over."

Well, not quite. Kansas State will take on Northern Iowa, South Dakota, Auburn-Montgomery and Wisconsin-Parkside. UAB will face Roosevelt, Chico (Calif.) State, Utica (N.Y.) College, and Mississippi Valley State. Even Blazer Coach Gene Bartow admits, "We do have some dogs."

Though Notre Dame plays all the usual famous suspects, what about the others, Digger Phelps? Northern Illinois, Valparaiso, Idaho, Maine, North-

continued



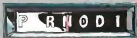
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WORLD FORD



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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.**

ern Iowa? "Hey, Idaho was third in shooting percentage last year and has three starters back," Phelps says. "I want 14 power games, 11 got-to-win games and two others that can go either way but aren't considered power games. If you win 50% of your power games and all the rest, you have a 20-victory season. It's called marketing." It's also called power-mongering.

Villanova Coach Rollie Massimino speaks for most coaches when he defines the happy medium of scheduling. "I think as a means of trying to get wins, people do schedule wins," he says. "Either by giving big money guarantees to get a certain number of built-in home-court wins or by playing small schools. But you can't play 26 top teams. Either you'd be exhausted or you wouldn't have a chance to qualify for the tournament."

Massimino likes his teams to play in big cities, in warm weather, where his athletes can get "educational exposure." Hub? "I call it the Wheel of Fortune," he says. "You need wins. How do you get wins? You've got to have the players. How do you get players? You've got to get exposure. How do you get exposure? You play on television. You appear on television, you make money. You make money, you can recruit. You recruit well, you win. It's the Wheel of Fortune." Massimino will prepare the Wildcats for their Dec. 4 clash against Boston College by playing Merrimack and St. Francis. And people criticize Larry Holmes?

"My ideal schedule would be 15 home games with a split on the road between league and non-league games," says West Virginia Coach Gale Catlett. "At least three of those road games should be against 'quality' opponents. But you have to prepare for your league opponents, so 'breathers' have to be fitted into the schedule. This year's schedule is more difficult than the ones I had in my first three years here." With the terrifying likes of St. Leo's, Robert Morris, Wisconsin-Superior, Youngstown State and Stetson currently on the West Virginia log, it is mind-boggling to consider the decrepitude of the Mountaineers' schedule last season when Dr. Gordon Wise, the marketing and hoops expert from Wright State in Dayton, rated Catlett's schedule the 214th strongest in the land.

Louisville Coach Denny Crum says he schedules the toughest teams he can find. "You've got to get the kinds of teams you'll meet in the NCAA tournament," Crum says. North Carolina's Smith says he schedules a "difficult December," the better to learn what his team must work on before the wrenching ACC season begins. Yet here again, a fine line. Kentucky Athletic Director Cliff Hagan points out, "You need one or two teams you can beat at home without even having to return the game. For teams like that we'll pay a little extra money. Coach [Joe B. Hall] needs to catch his breath by not having to play a top-five team every game."

This is known as buying a victory. Washington State Coach George Raveling once called up Ben Jobe of the University of Denver to ask Jobe to play in Pullman, Wash. Jobe said sure, but he wanted a \$10,000 guarantee. "If we're going to sell a win," Jobe said, "we want to be well paid for it." The game never made the schedule.

"There are always ambitious teams that want to play you at your place to break into the national spotlight," says Raveling. "U.S. International in California [San Diego] will play



Frequent TV appearances can give a team an inflated image.

four games a week on the road. That team puts on more miles than United Airlines. I guarantee they know the names of a lot of skycaps. People probably call them and ask when the next flight is leaving for Kansas.

"There's an art to scheduling," continues the Rave. "My usual rule is only one road game per season against non-conference schools. That way you never schedule yourself out of a job. What you should do is win 18 or 19 games a season. That allows the fans to get excited about what might happen if you win 20. Once you hit that 20 plateau, though, they start to expect too much and you can be gone. [In his last six seasons Raveling has averaged 18 victories.] There are a lot of guys working for McDonald's now who played the top teams in the country. The name of the game is survival. A good schedule lets you survive."

Another rule is: Any team can find any excuse to play anywhere. Last season South Carolina and Florida State switched their game to Miami so they could watch the Seminole football team play in the Orange Bowl. The Gamecocks also saw the Orange Bowl parade. "How many times does a basketball coach get to see a bowl game?" says South Carolina's Bill Foster. "That's what I consider good scheduling."

On the other hand, last December Virginia crossed over the Blue Ridge Mountains for a harmless "Welcome Back, Ralph" game against then unknown James Madison in Ralph Sampson's hometown of Harrisonburg, Va. The Cavaliers came back gasping with a 53-52 victory as Sampson scored 11 points in his worst performance as a collegian.

Clearly, it's not just who a team plays, but where. Some places are the pits, to be avoided at all costs. Unless, of course, the game is on television.

CONTINUED

The Top Dog OF Dunk



Dominique Wilkins turned down the pros, and that turns on Georgians who love his leaping **by JACK McCALLUM**

University of Georgia Coach Hugh Durham stares into space, trying to reconstruct the moment. "It was in practice, see, and we were working on breaking the press," he says, waving his hands in the air as if to shape the mental replay. "One of our guards throws the ball from midcourt sort of wildly toward the basket, toward Dominique, who's standing outside the lane."

"Now, the ball looks like it's going out of bounds, see. It would've been a real nice play just to catch that ball and keep it in play. But what Dominique does is catch the ball with one hand and slam it down into the basket . . . in one motion! Heckfire, can you imagine that?"

"What happened next was strange. Everything got real quiet on the court for maybe a second or two. See, nobody could believe what they saw. I still don't believe it."

What Dominique Wilkins—Georgia's 6' 7", 200-pound junior forward—does, see, is stir the imaginations of those around him. There are few things in sport at once so pedestrian and so electrifying as the dunk. Pedestrian because so many can do it, including Leroy Nowels, the 5' 9" laundryman who works in the Georgia equipment room and occasionally shoots around with Wilkins and his teammates. But electrifying because, in its infinite variety, the dunk has become basketball's highest art form. Many can do it, but few are known for it, and those who are—Julius Erving, Darryl Dawkins, David Thompson, Darrell Griffith—earn instant entry into basketball folklore. Wilkins, alas the Human Highlight Film, alas the Top Dog of Dunk, belongs with them.

"I've got about 30 Dominique stories, but here's the one that sticks out in my

mind," says junior Guard Derrick Floyd. "He's coming down the left-hand side and a guard's on him pretty close. It looks like he's going to take a lefthanded layup, but the guard comes across to get the ball. So what he does is cuff the ball [tuck it into a protective position by rolling it up his wrist], turn his body to cut the guy off—and dunk it backwards. It wasn't really a hot-dog play. It was the only thing he could do. Only no one else could have done it."

One of Wilkins' spectacular dunks, his 180—as in 180 degrees—is commemorated on the Georgia campus in posters of all sizes, one of which hangs in the McWhorter Hall room Wilkins shares with junior Forward Lamar Heard. What the sight of No. 34 rolling around right end is to Georgia football, Wilkins doing his 180 is to Georgia basketball. But that 180 against Alabama his freshman year is really not Wilkins' favorite. For one thing he sprained his knee later in the half and missed the next six games. And for another, there are other degrees of dunking out there. Like 360.

Wilkins has completed a 360 only twice in game situations—once as a high school sophomore on an un-



Poster boy Wilkins relaxes between flights with chums Mike Morris and Eric Marbury.

contested layup, and again at a basketball camp as he drove the lane on a three-on-two fast break. He often attempts a 360 or two after practice, but he's not sure what Durham would think about his trying it in a game. "I know Coach Durham wouldn't say much if I made it," Wilkins says, "but he'd be upset if I blew it. Still, there might be a good chance sometime."

Wilkins is not just a Mad Dunker. Last year he led Southeastern Conference scorers with 23.6 points per game, averaging 53.3% from the field and 75.2% from the foul line. In 15 of 31 games he led Georgia in both scoring and rebounding, and he finished with a team-high 73 blocked shots. He plays within himself and knows his importance; he committed 80 personal fouls, second-highest on the team, but did not foul out of any game. He was a consensus second-team All-America last season and now is a consensus first-team preseason All-America.

Ah, how times have changed. Before Durham and Wilkins, basketball at Georgia was something of a joke. At the time Wilkins suffered that knee injury against Alabama as a freshman, the Bulldogs were 11-3, with Wilkins playing hurt or not at all the rest of the season; they went 3-10. In 1980-81 Wilkins was healthy all the way and Georgia was 19-12, its best record in 50 years.

As good as Wilkins is in college, he is probably best appreciated by the pros. He was one of the four underclassmen

most coveted by the NBA last season, along with Virginia's Ralph Sampson, Indiana's Isiah Thomas and DePaul's Mark Aguirre. And though he hadn't gotten the publicity they had, he was definitely not No. 4 among NBA scouts.

"Had Dominique gone hardship, he would've been the second or third pick in the draft," says Marty Blake, director of the NBA Scouting Bureau. "Why? Because he's better than anyone else."

Wilkins was tempted to bite at Detroit's four-year, \$1.6 million offer last spring, but eight hours before the midnight, April 25th deadline for filing for early eligibility, he rejected the NBA to remain at Georgia.

"I honestly thought we had him," says Piston General Manager Jack McCloskey. Though Wilkins says he hasn't decided whether to turn pro after this season, the chances are good that he will.

Jacques Dominique Wilkins was born in the basketball hotbed of Paris, France, the son of an Army man. He was named by his French baby-sitter. His father was transferred back to the States when Dominique was 3, and Dominique, his three brothers and four sisters lived in Dallas and Fort Sill, Okla. before the family finally settled in Baltimore. Dominique learned his lessons on the tough playgrounds at Paterson Park and Sparrows Point, where fellow players included Ernest Graham, who later played at

Maryland, and Skip Wise, a schoolyard legend who starred for one year at Clemson, but eventually was imprisoned for two years on drug charges.

Wilkins quickly learned the playground code. "If you want to shoot it, you have to get your hands on it," he says. "So I started going up and getting it. I think it really helped that I was always playing with guys older than me. They'd tell me I was going to be a pro someday, but I never believed them. I really didn't."

Dave Smith, the basketball coach at Washington (N.C.) High School, really did. Smith caught Dominique's act at the Bridge Street Recreation Center when Wilkins visited his grandmother in Washington the summer before he was to enter 10th grade at Paterson High in Baltimore. "What I noticed right away was his nose for going to the ball," Smith says. Smith convinced Dominique to stay, and he did. His father and mother, now divorced, moved to Washington, too, and Dominique stayed at times with each of them and his grandmother. Washington won consecutive state championships in Wilkins' junior and senior years, and as a senior he averaged 29 points and 16 rebounds a game. By now he was considered one of the state's most valuable natural resources. Dozens of colleges wanted Wilkins, and at first it appeared that he was headed for North Carolina State, 100 miles up the road in Raleigh.

But Wilkins vacillated under the recruiting strain and finally chose Georgia, which had been considered a long shot or a no shot. Some of the Washington town-folk responded by breaking windows in his mother's house and spilling paint on the car they claimed had been purchased for her by Georgia officials. Dominique's mother, Mrs. Gertrude Baker (she had remarried), said she had bought the car from a Washington automobile dealer, and had gotten it cheaply because of her son's fame.

"I had to have a strong mind to get through it," says Wilkins. "There's no doubt I lost a lot of friends over it. It was a crazy time. I was offered all sorts of stuff—cars, money, houses—by all sorts of people. Some of my high school counselors tried to mess with my grades. It made me grow up a little faster."

The prevailing view in Washington is that Wilkins wanted to go to N.C. State, but that his mother sold him on Georgia.

continued



Wilkins and his teammates get ready for what should be Georgia's best season ever.



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for her personal gain. Wilkins says that isn't so. "Yes, my mother wanted me to come here. And, yes, I almost went to State. But she didn't tell me what to do. It was my decision." For the record, Mrs. Baker, her husband and the remaining children at home now live in Atlanta, though not luxuriously. She worked for a time as a hotel maid but is now unemployed. Baker works in the Post Office. And no recruiting charges were ever filed against Georgia.

Durham says, "Our basic approach in recruiting Dominique was, 'Sure, you can go to State and be another David Thompson, but why don't you come to Georgia and be the one and only Dominique Wilkins?'" Norm Sloan, who recruited Wilkins for N.C. State, is now in his second year as head coach at Florida. In case Sloan had forgotten the bitter recruiting battle, which he hadn't, Dominique slam-dunked it in his face by scoring a career-high 37 points in Georgia's 90-74 rout of Florida last January. "The only hard feelings I have now is that I didn't get the chance to coach him," says Sloan. "You don't expect to coach one player like David Thompson. I almost coached two. I'll certainly never get over losing him."

Sloan calls Wilkins the best offensive rebounder ever to play college ball and potentially the best ever. "The only one who comes close is Moses Malone," says the coach.

Malone and Wilkins work in different ways. Malone is the classic power player, who bangs his way into position from close range. Wilkins is a swooper, the classic small forward. The swooper does not position himself too close to the basket because he needs room to work around a boxout and time to read the shot. Wilkins works from 12 to 15 feet. He leaves his feet earlier than other potential rebounders and he has a hunch time you wouldn't believe.

Wilkins is ideally suited to swooping. "I've worked at it very hard," he says. "I concentrate on reading where shots are likely to come off. I just seem to know. And I've worked very hard at different ways to spin off guys outside. I know I want to lay back a little, then just explode up there." Wilkins has an impressive vertical jump of 47 inches, and he was a 6' 6" high jumper in high school. He also ran a 49-second 440 and a 22-second 220. In Durham's demanding preseason series of 20 220s, Wilkins' last one is never

slower than 23 seconds. His pigeon-toed running style is no good for distance (his personal best in the mile is about 5:30) but he is unmatched in Durham's line drills, an exhausting test of speed and agility. A good time for the line drill is 25 seconds; Wilkins' is about 23 seconds.

Wilkins seems to have no real basketball weaknesses, aside from those associated with many offensive stars: His defense and shot selection are not the best. If he improves in these areas, he will be an even more attractive—and expensive—package for the pros next year.

Wilkins was closer to leaving college for the NBA last spring than people at Georgia would like to believe. The stay-in-school advice offered by Maurice Lucas, whom Wilkins met at the Omni in Atlanta and now considers a valued adviser, might have swung the tide. Part of Wilkins' reasoning was pragmatic: If he could command \$400,000 a year after a good sophomore season, he should be able to get even bigger bucks after a better junior year. Barring a mysterious slip in play like that suffered last season by Maryland's Albert King, Wilkins is probably right. Another part of his thinking made even more sense: He wanted to remain a kid at least one more year.

"I just wasn't ready to give up college life," says Wilkins, leaning back against the wall of his dorm room, the 180 poster overhead. "I like the socializing, my friends, everything about it." He's doing average work in his courses, which include business education, psychology and arts and crafts—"my one crib." His favorite is Home Management, which includes a session on the 1040 tax form. "Guess I'll have to know something about this pretty soon," he says.

His room is a way station for the entire Georgia team, and particularly for Darryl Lenard, a 5' 6" freshman point guard. "I'm like his father," says Wilkins. There is always music on Wilkins' box (Earth, Wind and Fire is his favorite), and jocular insults or talk of pretty women.



Dominique raps with sister Wanda at a campus print sale.

The contrasts between Herschel Walker, a good friend, and Dominique are stark. Walker, reserved by nature, is visited weekly by countless publications. Wilkins, gregarious and open, is barely noticed, so he has yet to become jaded.

Wilkins is a big man on campus but eminently approachable. He strolls in to watch the women's team practice, and several players drift over. "Ah, look at these little ears," teases Denise Dunlap, pulling at his lobes. "You ever see such a big man with such little ears?" Later, walking around campus with his sister, Wanda, a freshman, he makes eye contact with an attractive coed but decides against a major move. "She knows who I am," says Dominique.

Best of all for Wilkins, Durham's recruiting pitch has come true. There is only one Dominique Wilkins around Athens, as a lunchtime encounter in a local steakhouse bears out. "Dominique, I don't know whether you remember me or not, but we met after one of your games last year," says a middle-aged woman, stopping at his table. "I had my little granddaughter with me. She's 3. Anyway, the other day we were riding by The Coliseum [Georgia's basketball arena] and I stopped the car and said, 'Honey, do you know who plays there?' And she said, 'Dominique, Grandmom. Dominique plays there.'"

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The Top 20

1 North Carolina As always, there is somebody else. Bob McAdoo leaves, Bobby Jones steps in. Jones leaves, Walter Davis steps in. Davis leaves, Mike O'Koren steps in. O'Koren leaves, Al Wood steps in. Now Wood has left, and James Worthy is stepping in. Always there is somebody else, another model on the long assembly line of superior forwards that have kept Coach Dean Smith and his Tar Heels nationally prominent and this year make them the choice for No. 1.

Worthy, a junior, will be surrounded by the other members of what Smith privately calls possibly his best starting five ever. (The four veterans are on the cover: Sam Perkins, Matt Doherty, Jimmy Black and Worthy.) Smith says this despite the loss of starters Al Wood and Guard Mike Pepper from last year's 29-8 team that lost 63-50 to Indiana in the NCAA finals.

Smith has a long list of teams that should be No. 1 instead of North Carolina, but even he hasn't tried to dampen the preseason gushing about Worthy, who last year averaged 14.2 points and led North Carolina in rebounding. "James is a great, great player," says Smith.

Worthy's strength and quickness around the basket and superior passing ability, among other things, will make Perkins, a sophomore center, even more effective. Perkins was the ACC's 1980-81 rookie of the year after scoring 14.9 points a game on 62.6% shooting. If he improves his rebounding—he averaged a respectable 7.8 last year—he could be the best center North Carolina ever produced.

The third mainstay back, senior Point Guard Black, averaged more than five assists and seven points a game in 1980-81. Add sophomore Swingman Doherty and freshman Michael Jordan, another player who can do it inside or out, and these Tar Heels could be a match for the 1975-76 starting five of future NBA players Davis, Mitch Kupchak, Tommy LaGarde, Phil Ford and John Kuester. Smith is worried, with some reason, about his depth, but Guard Buzz Peterson and Center Forward John Brownlee, both freshmen, should be ready to lend a hand by tournament time.

If anyone knows how treacherous the road to No. 1 is, it's Smith. He has been to the Final Four six times and the final game three times, but he has never finished first. This year he should.

2 UCLA The last time UCLA welcomed a new center with a shock of unruly hair, a pale face and a hearty hi-yo outlet pass, the Bruins went on a rampage through college basketball that included two undefeated national championship seasons. Who was that masked man? Gig Sims? Guess again. Though the Bruins' 7-foot, 235-pound freshman Stuart Gray doesn't resemble Bill Walton in much more than height and potential, opponents won't have a difficult time recognizing him. The Bruins didn't lose a player from their 20-7 crew of last winter and are now two deep at every position. By moving into the middle, Gray sends the platoons of Kenny Fields and Cliff Pruitt over to strong forward, which shifts Mike (Slew) Sanders across to small forward, where he should have been all along.

The 6' 6" Sanders, a wondrous thoroughbred—Slew as in Seattle Slew—came a long way from Louisiana to become a star as a sophomore center, showing the Bruins the way to the NCAA finals. Last season, again playing out of position, Sanders led UCLA in minutes (30.1 per game), points per game (15.4), rebounds (6.6) and blocked shots (28 in the season). "If Slew isn't among the top 10 guys in the country, I don't know who is," says Assistant Coach Kevin O'Connor.

Rocket Rod Foster, basketball's fastest human, returns to UCLA's superlative three-pronged backcourt where he takes care of the shooting. Michael Holton the defending and Ralph Jackson the passing. Now there's even a fourth prong, a smooth freshman with the marvelous name of—turn up the flamenco music, please—Nigel Miguel, who gives his elders some healthy job insecurities. Zone defenses bothered UCLA last year because of the impotency of the likes of Foster and Swingman Darren Daye who enjoy racing the ball up and bombing away. But new Coach Larry Farmer has been talking of the rewards that come to those who wait.

Farmer has added some new wrinkles to the UCLA high-post offense to open up a few more scoring opportunities for Gray and to isolate Sanders down low where he's even more damaging than his 55.7% career shooting figure indicates. If the coach's plan to play only seven or eight men causes no jealousy or this hydra-headed monster, the Bruins should cakewalk to the Pacific-10 championship. And after that? The NCAA tournament may turn out to be a Gray area.



The Bruins' Jackson makes the play on any court.

Scouting Reports

3 Louisville Louisville has as much talent, man for man, as any team, yet these Cardinals also present Coach Denny Crum with a special challenge. He will try to hide his chronic lack of a big man (Crum has successfully recruited only one quality player taller than 6' 9" in his 10 years at Louisville) by playing with a team that consists of seven power forwards, three shooting guards and only one tested floor leader. That's Jerry Eaves, who as a sophomore made the big plays when Louisville beat UCLA for the 1980 NCAA championship. "I don't care who you are," says Eaves, "any good team needs one guy out there running the show—and that's me."

The show ought to be a fine one. In 6' 8" Wiley Brown, down from 250 pounds last season to a svelte 220; 6' 6" Derek Smith, the Cards' leading scorer with a 15.5 average; and 6' 7" Rodney McCray. Louisville has some vicious rebounders to compensate for its lack of height. It also has, in freshmen Milt Wagner and Manuel Forrest, some talented replacements for Guard Roger Burkman, the sixth man who gave last season's 21-9 team a lift in so many games.

Wagner figures to press sophomore Lancaster Gordon for the guard spot opposite Eaves, and Forrest fires from the baseline well enough to help shooter Poncho Wright gun down the zone defenses that clogged up the Cardinal offense so many times early last season.

Crum's biggest headache may be what to do with Rodney's older brother Scooter McCray. He's tall enough at 6' 9" to play center, agile enough to play forward and a good enough passer and ball handler to play guard. Obviously, Crum would like to find a place for him, but where?

But what might be a nightmare for some coaches is a dream for Crum. As good a bench coach as there is, he's excellent at such things as conserving time-outs, substituting intelligently and reacting to other teams' game plans. That kind of coaching and this kind of talent should take Louisville all the way to New Orleans.

4 Kentucky It must be as confusing to country music fans as it is to college basketball fans. A fellow named Hall is the featured singer on an album released a week or so back. But it's not Tom T. Hall, one of Nashville's finest, it's Joe B. Hall, the Kentucky basketball coach. Joe B. even recruited that noted good ol' boy Al McGuire to join him in renditions of *The Gambler* and *Elvira*.

Had Hall been thinking ahead, he might have included *City of New Orleans* in the album. That, after all, is where he wants to be in March. Or he might have sung the blues because his 7' 1" center, Sam Bowie, is still recovering from an incomplete fracture of his left tibia. Bowie won't be back in action until late December at the earliest.

It's a measure of Kentucky's potential that Wildcat fans were somewhat disappointed with last year's 22-6 record. Hall answers that even talented players need experience to function properly in Kentucky's disciplined system. He vowed at last spring's basketball banquet that the doubters had better "get on the bandwagon" while there was still time.

This season Hall plans a couple of significant lineup changes that, coupled with the Wildcats' additional experience, ought to turn them into the national contenders they were supposed to be last season. Replacing Bowie with 6' 11" sophomore Melvin Turpin isn't one of them, but when Bowie returns, he and Turpin will often be in the lineup at the same time. Turpin's presence near the basket should free Bowie, who had 17.4 points and 9.1 rebounds per game last season, to play the roaming game he prefers. It also will enable Hall to use Derreck Hord, an erstwhile guard, where Hord figures to be more effective—quick forward.

"We've got to get Bowie and Turpin playing together more," says playmaker Dirk Minniefield. "We'll get a lot more rebounds, and I can put a lot more fast breaks on the other team." The off guard figures to be sharpshooter Jim Master.

If U.K. goes to the top of the charts—make that, ratings—it wouldn't be surprising.



continued

5 Georgetown Like his older brother, Gregory, who's a full-time bodyguard for Sugar Ray Leonard, Georgetown senior Ed Spriggs has lately been involved in taking care of a celebrity. Ed's charge, an 18-year-old 7-footer named Patrick Ewing, has yet to make a 7-Up commercial, but he's a legend even before he wins his first collegiate tip-off.

"Coach has kind of paired us up because there's a few things I can give Pat pointers about," says Spriggs, who became a backup center the moment Ewing signed on the dotted line last February. "Of course, there's a lot of things I don't have to tell him because he knows them already."

Ewing is the standard-bearer of the most celebrated band of newcomers to hit Washington since JFK brought in the Great Society people two decades ago: Ewing, 6' 6" Forward Anthony Jones, 6' 7" Forward Bill Martin. Everyone's top recruiting class. Even Georgetown Coach John Thompson admits, "By all the given criteria, we have to be rated a Top 10 team. The coach in me would have to downplay it, but the realist in me has to acknowledge it."

The realist in Thompson also recognizes that he has a lot of talent besides his famous freshmen. "We don't have all celebrities around here," Thompson says. "We have some pretty good common folk, too." And the common folk, as much as the notable newcomers, are a good bet to improve upon their 20-12 record of last season, finish first in the Big East Conference and participate in their fourth straight NCAA tournament.

Eric Floyd began his career as common folk, but now he's a consensus preseason All-American, who last year averaged 19 points per game.

Another uncommon sort is Fred Brown, the Big East's rookie of the year in 1980-81 as a forward. Thompson sees the 6' 5" Brown at point guard this year, an indication that Jones will be counted on immediately at forward. Jones will be joined there by senior Eric Smith, who generally draws the toughest defensive assignment, or by Martin, who is "the ideal complement to everybody else," says Thompson.

The Hoyas, obviously, have much more than just Ewing, but Thompson says, "Pat has to be a key, key factor for us, even this year." Spriggs, who was recruited out of a post office basketball league, has never been in charge of a more important package.

6 Iowa On a recent October afternoon, some 8,000 fans jammed into the Iowa Field House—not to see a Hawkeye game or even a practice, but because word got out that several Iowa players were participating in a pickup scrimmage. That's one indication of how big the Hawkeyes have become in Iowa, where a five-channel TV network beams their games across the state, attracting an audience that includes as much as a 72% share of Iowa's viewers. "Right now, we're the biggest thing in Iowa," says Coach Lute Olson.

The object of such frenzied adoration is a brawny, talented young team that last season gave Iowa a second-place finish in the Big Ten and a third consecutive NCAA tournament bid. While leading the conference in no statistical categories except rebound margin—and, presumably, nosebleeds and brush burns—Iowa whipped NCAA champ Indiana twice and won 21 of its first 25 games before ending the regular season with three heartbreaking defeats on the road.

This year the Iowa faithful expect better things still, and Olson isn't saying a word to cool the fervor, mainly because he seems to have caught it himself. "Playing at our peak potential, there isn't a better team in the country," he says.

Although Iowa may not have a superstar, it does have the deepest corps of experienced quality guards and forwards in the Big Ten, if not in all of college ball. Among the seniors,

Forward Kevin Boyle is a 50.5% career shooter who last season averaged 9.9 points, 5.7 rebounds and 3.3 assists a game and—*nota bene*—is a four-year starter. Guard Kenny Arnold was Iowa's No. 2 scorer in 1980-81, with an 11.4 average. Juniors Bob Hansen, a guard who can shoot, and Mark Gannon, a 6' 7", 230-pound forward who mainly sees to it that the hot-handed Hawkeye opponents do not, are two more veteran starters. Sophomore Steve Carlino's emergence as a playmaker in preseason practice should free Arnold to increase his scoring. Boyle figures to be more productive, too, after a summer in which he started on the U.S. gold medal-winning team at the World University Games in Bucharest.

Olson's one question mark is at center, but he does have two high school All-American recruits in Greg Stokes of Hamilton, Ohio and Michael Payne of Quincy, Ill. Olson can also call on Jerry Dennard, last season's California J.C. player of the year.



Brown is angling to take the Hoyas to the title.

continued

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7 Wichita State In a modest piece of press agency, Wichita State has named its star juniors Cliff Levinston and Antoine Carr the Bookend Forwards. Indeed, Levinston's and Carr's 1980-81 stats—18.5 and 15.8 points and 11.4 and 7.3 rebounds a game, respectively—speak volumes about their talents. But the team's 26-7 record and its progression to the final of the Midwest Regional last season weren't strictly the work of this twosome. "We've got good books, too," says Levinston, explaining why season tickets sold out for the first time since 1963-64.

Last season's Missouri Valley champions have lost only Guard Randy Smithson and Center Ozell Jones and have replaced both with talented local players. Guard Aubrey Sherrod, the MVP in the 1981 McDonald's Capital Classic, was called the best all-around player in Wichita Heights High history by his coach there, and that's saying something, because that school's alumni include Carr and the Portland Trail Blazers' Darnell Valentine. Sherrod, a smooth but aggressive lefty, finished his high school career as the No. 2 scorer in the city's history. The No. 1 all-time scorer: 7' 1", 240-pound Center Greg Dreiling, who also signed with the Shockers. If he's fast enough to keep up with the offense, the Shockers could be absolutely stunning.

Dreiling will be flanked by the 6' 9" Carr and the 6' 8" Levinston, buddies who combine power, quickness and tremendous jumping ability. Carr has more natural talent, but Levinston works harder. "People say we even look alike, but I think Cliff's uglier," says Carr. "He's just as much of me as I am of him," says Levinston, who's known as Good News because he's always smiling and because he . . . is. Although nothing is more useless than a third bookend, Coach Gene Smithson also recruited 6' 7" Xavier McDaniel of Columbia, S.C., who, Smithson says, "is in Cliff's and Antoine's class as a freshman."

Two other returning starters, both seniors, are Point Guard Tony Martin, the team leader in steals and assists, and Jay Jackson, who played forward next to Carr late last season when Jones lost his eligibility and Levinston switched over to the pivot. "When we need someone's water cut off, we bring in Jay," says Smithson. When one of the Shockers needs water, Smithson brings in junior James Gibbs, a speedy 5' 9" guard, or one of his two swingmen: Mike Jones and Cedric Phillips. Except for important games against Tulsa, Louisiana State and Alabama-Birmingham, the Shockers have generally clear sailing. It should turn out to be a storybook season.

8 San Francisco Even though San Francisco's Dons spent the 1980-81 season on NCAA probation, they won their fifth consecutive WCAC title—beating Pepperdine 96-82 in a one-game playoff for the championship—and gained their fourth NCAA tournament berth in five years. Last year's successes were pulled off largely because of the efforts of two young miracle workers, USF's semisecret weapon, junior Guard Quintin Dailey, and his 33-year-old coach, Peter Barry. Now, they are ready to accomplish more miracles.

The Dons were put on probation before the 1979-80 season and in May 1980 USF Coach Dan Belluomini was forced to resign. Barry, his successor, inherited a team perilously close to collapse; four highly regarded players had headed for greener pastures. Barry nonetheless guided the Dons to a 24-7 record, including their third straight home-court victory over Notre Dame. This season the only thing likely to fall apart is the opposition when it faces USF's rapid-fire attack. Six of last year's top seven players, including four starters, return from a team that finished third in the nation in scoring (83.2 points per game).

The backcourt is superb. Last season the 6' 3" Dailey scored a team-high 22.4 points a game, shot 57.0% from the field, had an average of 5.5 rebounds and 3.3 assists, and orchestrated the Dons' fast break. "Whatever we need—a key steal, a great pass, a slam dunk—Quintin can get it for us," says Barry, who has also used Dailey at forward when the Dons want to press.

Dailey's running mate at guard, 6' 5", 210-pound Ken McAtister, is the Dons' defensive stopper. He's USF's best athlete, too; he was accomplished enough as a high school football player to have been wooed by Southern Cal. A key to an improved record for the Dons is 7-foot senior Center Wallace Bryant. He had respectable stats last season—16.6 points and a team-high 9.2 rebounds a game—but he has a history of shying away from the pounding under the boards. Freshman John Martens, an All-California Interscholastic

Federation selection and a certified banger inside, is expected to fill the power-forward position. Martens' presence should help to take some rebounding pressure off Bryant and senior John Hegwood, San Francisco's second-leading rebounder and third-leading scorer in 1980-81.

USF should dominate the undistinguished competition in the WCAC, so the real test of the Dons' mettle might not come until NCAA tournament time. Rest assured that the Dons will be there



(Big Brother Carr is a big bother to the Shockers' opponents.)

continued

9 Tulsa University of Tulsa Coach Nolan Richardson demands fitness. A former NFL defensive back and ABA guard, Richardson runs his players constantly in practice and even turns a large fan on them to create wind resistance. They do a full-court, three-man weave while passing a 15-pound medicine ball back and forth. Then they run the same drill with a basketball filled with 17 pounds of water. "You get in a game," says senior Guard Paul Pressey, "and the man wants five, six minutes of all you've got. When you've given it, you can be replaced for a while."

Richardson, who came to Tulsa last season after winning the 1980 national J.C. title at Western Texas College, used his exhausting shuttle system—and four of his former juco players—to propel the Golden Hurricane to a 26-7 record and the NIT championship. Ten players saw action in 28 or more games, and five of them averaged at least 10 points. For 1981-82 virtually all of that Top 10 is back, joined by two prime recruits. "If someone opens the door, we're coming in," says Richardson.

Pressey, Center-Forward Greg Stewart, Forward David Brown and Guard Phil Spradley are the four returning senior starters. They played for Richardson at Western Texas and love his running, pressing style of play.

The 6' 5" Pressey scored a mere 10.3 points a game last season, but only because he didn't shoot very often. His 172 assists, 26 blocked shots and 96 steals led the Golden Hurricane. In one stretch against Wichita State he snatched the ball away four times in six possessions. Stewart, Tulsa's leading scorer (15.5) last season, is one of five forwards who, in various combinations, man the frontcourt. Although the Golden Hurricane has no true center, it does have inside strength. Stewart, 6' 9" and 220, was Tulsa's co-leader in rebounds (6.9) along with the 6' 8", 205-pound Brown. Joining Pressey in the guard corps are Spradley, a 6' 4" scrapper with a good outside shot, and 6' 4" freshman Steve Harris.

Tulsa will be tested early against North Carolina, but Richardson worries most about its difficult Missouri Valley Conference schedule. "I think the Valley's the Valley of Death," he says. For once the home court crowds may actually be large enough to make Tulsa a killer of a place to visit: Season-ticket sales have jumped from 2,000 last season to about 6,800.

"We don't have the big aircraft carrier, the [Ralph] Sampson or the [Sam] Bowie," Richardson says, "but we've got plenty of guys who'll be putting in their two pennies' worth." In this particular case, that ain't small change.

10 Virginia Ralph Sampson can be shut out. Because he procrastinated this summer no apartments were available in Charlottesville, Va. by the time he did some serious looking. He wound up in Virginia Coach Terry Holland's finished—not to mention high-ceilinged—basement. "I always wait till the last minute to do things, and they didn't have anything left," says Sampson with a shrug. "But I'm very happy down there."

The Cavaliers are very happy Sampson's down there, too. He could've been flying around the country with the Dallas Mavericks or the Detroit Pistons, both of whom sought to have him turn pro after a sometimes sensational sophomore season. He didn't, and consequently the Cavs rate a spot in the Top 10 despite the loss of 3,740 career points in the persons of Jeff Lamp and Lee Raker. "Ordinarily, with our losses we couldn't be considered a Top 20 team," says Holland. "but I guess Ralph makes a difference, doesn't he?"

He sure does. He led Virginia to the NIT title as a freshman and was national Player of the Year as a sophomore. "It's hard to imagine Ralph on another level with the way he can dominate a game now," says senior Guard Jeff Jones. "But his next level is to dominate all games." Even if Sampson improves his statistics of last year, which included 17.7 points and 11.5 rebounds per game, 55.7% field-goal shooting and 103 blocks, the Cavs will be hard-pressed to equal theirs. With a 23-game winning streak, a 29-4 record and a third-place finish in the NCAA tournament, it was the best Virginia basketball season ever.

With Lamp and Raker gone and Sampson sure to be closely guarded inside, much of the shooting pressure this season switches to Jones, the ACC's assist leader in 1978-79 and 1979-80. Jones is a career 51.3% shooter, meaning he can put the ball in the hole—if he can work himself open. "One thing about having Ralph is that we can get good shots from all spots because of them collapsing," says Holland. "That should help J.J."

Sophomore Guard Othell Wilson, who is extremely quick and daring defensively, should also help take some of the pressure off Jones, and so should freshman Tim Mullen, a swingman with a good jumper.

Some of Lamp's and Raker's point production will have to be picked up by junior Craig Robinson, who has yet to live up to his considerable potential. The other starting forward might be Jim Miller, West Virginia's scholastic player of the year in 1980-81, though only after he recovers from a bout of mononucleosis.



Pressey likes to cut wood and Tulsa opponents down to size.



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Kansas State

The Wildcats of Kansas State

have an image problem. They have four starters returning from a 24-9 team that defeated second-ranked Oregon State in last year's NCAA tournament, and most people are ignoring them. "Maybe this is the price we pay for being out here in the flatlands," says Coach Jack Hartman, "but we deserve to be ranked."

As Hartman readily concedes, his team-oriented approach to the game is a factor in K-State's relative anonymity. He's an expert at getting the most out of little-known players. His best current no-name, senior Forward Ed Nealy, is a case in point. As a senior at Bonner Springs (Kans.) High he averaged 28 points and 14.6 rebounds for his father, Ed Sr. Nealy was avidly recruited only by K-State and Yale because he was just what college prospects aren't supposed to be: immobile and lead-footed (26" vertical leap). "I thought I saw a good player even if nobody else did," Hartman says. Nealy justified Hartman's confidence by twice leading the Big Eight in rebounds, a category in which he will soon become K-State's career leader.

Now, his next project should be to improve his 11-points-per-game scoring average because three-time All-Big Eight Guard Rolando Blackman is gone. Last year Blackman led the Wildcats in scoring (15 points per game) and was second in rebounds, assists, steals and shooting percentage. But Hartman says, "With all due respect to the greatness of Blackman, I think we can replace him."

Among the other returning starters, Randy Reed, who had a 12.1 scoring average last winter, is beginning his first full season at forward, Tyrone Adams (11.5) is switching from forward to guard, and Guard Tim Jankovich is probably best known for having dated the coach's daughter (he also has an excellent outside shot). The center position will be manned by Les Craft and Greg Prudhoe. Two well-regarded freshmen come in from Chicago: Guard Kenny Williams and Forward Lafayette Watkins.

Hartman says his bench has ability but lacks experience. No matter. Last season the Wildcats had the finest shooting percentage (49.9) in school history and the country's 11th best defense (59.4 ppg). They should have similar or better stats in 1981-82. They also should be Big Eight champions for the fourth time under Hartman and receive an NCAA berth for the sixth time. And, more than likely, they'll still have an image problem.



DePaul

The players and coaches at DePaul keep saying that this

season's squad will be better than the 27-2 team of a year ago that ended the regular season ranked No. 1 in the country. But, fellows, what about the losses of top career scorer (24.7 points per game) Mark Aguirre and classy assist leader (60.4) Clyde Bradshaw?

Perhaps the best explanation for the Blue Demons' optimism comes from Guard Skip Dillard. "Now things will be more fun," he says. "Before, there wasn't a college atmosphere here. Mark was thinking about the pros. Clyde was thinking about the pros. I even started thinking about 'em."

Dillard is the only senior, and he would like to show what he can do without Aguirre, to whom he has played second fiddle since they were in high school together. Also stepping out of Aguirre's shadow will be Terry Cummings, a 6' 9" center-forward who averaged 13.3 points and 9.1 rebounds last season. "This will be a happier team than the last couple of years," says 67-year-old Coach Ray Meyer, whose screaming should be in expectation, not exasperation. "We won't have the peaks and valleys of before because everybody's together."

Meyer plans on regularly playing as many as nine members of his 11-man squad, about three more than in recent seasons. Joining Dillard and Cummings are returnees Teddy Grubbs, Bernard Randolph and Jerry McMillan and freshmen Kenny Patterson, Walter Downing and Tyrone Corbin. The 6' 9" Downing, Illinois high schools' Mr. Basketball for 1980-81, should step into a starting spot at either center or forward if he can play defense in college as well as he did in high school; last season he blocked six shots per game. Patterson will add depth in the backcourt, where Dillard will be joined by Raymond McCoy, a transfer from the University of San Francisco.

Meyer feels that Corbin, a freshman forward, will be the sleeper. "When it comes to get-up-and-go, there's a world of difference between Corbin and Grubbs and Randolph," Meyer says. "He is always hustling and being aggressive." Meyer foresees Corbin moving into the starting lineup by the first of the year. "When we put him in with Cummings and Downing," he says, "I don't care who we're playing, we'll dominate."

The Blue Demons should dominate most of their regular-season opponents, but that wouldn't be anything new. A few victories in the NCAA tournament would.



Preacher Cummings is a Demon only on the court.

13 Minnesota The basketball court in Minnesota's Williams Arena is situated on a platform raised three feet off the ground. The floor is dead under the baskets, unpredictable everywhere else and perhaps the oddest playing surface in all of college ball. But if you think that's strange, take a look at the Minnesota team that performs on this court.

In finishing 19-11 last season, the Gophers lost more games at Williams Arena (six) than they did on the road. They fell from being the Big Ten's top foul-shooting team in 1979-80 to being the worst in the conference last season. Minnesota's towering front line of 7'3" Randy Breuer, 6'10" Gary Holmes and, at times, 6'9" John Wiley out-rebounded opponents by an average of only 1.7 a game. Too often the Gophers dropped back into their 2-3 zone and didn't take full advantage of their humongous size. But this season, watch out!

For starters, unaggressive as the Gophers were, they did whip such formidable opposition as Iowa, Louisville and North Carolina. They also had four overtime defeats, and a win in any one of them probably would have sent them into the NCAA tournament.

Three years ago Coach Jim Dutcher recruited four players—Holmes, Trent Tucker, Darryl Mitchell and Mark Hall—whom experts rated at the time among the most promising groups of freshmen in the country. And now they're seniors. "We've won 40 games in the past two seasons and still feel like we haven't accomplished a thing," Dutcher says. "We're tired of being an 'almost' team."

Tucker, who can play either guard or forward, pumped in a notable 51.7% of his field-goal attempts last year. But this paled in comparison to the shooting of Hall, a long-distance bomber who shot 61.7%, a Gopher record. Sadly, Hall is academically ineligible at least until Jan. 3. Gladly, the Big Ten schedule begins after that. In Hall's absence, Gopher fans will see plenty of Mitchell.

This adds up to a solid supporting cast for Breuer, a soft-shooting but non-intimidating junior. He often scores biggest against his toughest rivals, as evidenced by his 29 points against Purdue's Russell Cross last season and his 26 versus Ohio State's Herb Williams. Mainly his points have come on short jumpers and little jump hooks. Don't bet against him. Or against that senior class. Minnesota might just Gopher it all.



The Gophers' Breuer is a tall target in any sport.

14 Arkansas On any evening in the dorm housing the Arkansas basketball players, 6'10" Center Scott Hastings may be crouched in a doorway with a plastic pistol in his holster, waiting to ambush Guard John Snively. At the right moment, Hastings draws his weapon and does his Clint Eastwood imitation: menacing squint, clenched teeth and a grimace. "Ask yourself a question," he tells Snively, who's halfway to his own holster. "Do I feel lucky?" "One of the two—usually Hastings—then eats a little imaginary lead, and the dorm is again safe, at least until the next duel.

As long as Hastings, twice an All Southwest Conference selection and the Hogs' only true big man, isn't really struck down, Razorback Coach Eddie Sutton will be the one feeling lucky. Every starter except Guard U.S. Reed has returned from a team that was 24-8, finished first in the conference and reached the NCAA semis, where it lost to LSU. In all, nine lettermen are back, supplemented by junior college transfer Alvin Robertson and Snively, a redshirt last season, who is said to be as accurate an outside shooter as he is an inside (the dorm) shooter.

This isn't to say that Arkansas has no weaknesses. The Hogs' luck size and lost, by Sutton's estimate, "75 to 80 percent of our outside shooting" when Reed, now with the Kansas City Kings, and Mike Young, departed. Small matter, really. As always, Sutton's Razorbacks will live off defense—the word is sewn into the seats of the players' practice shorts—patient offense and high-percentage shots.

Junior Darrell Walker, a 6'4" point guard, is the Hogs' best, at least disciplined, individual talent. While Hastings led Arkansas in scoring (16.3 points per game) and rebounding (5.4) last season, Walker, an 11.3 scorer, was first in assists, steals and—why else would they call him Sky Walker?—blocked shots. In taking over for Reed as point guard, Walker promises to use fewer unnecessary flourishes in his spectacular passing. Starting alongside him will probably be Robertson, who averaged 18 points at Crowder (Mo.) Junior College last year.

Over the last five seasons, Arkansas has won more games (128) than any other major college and finished lower than first in its conference only once. Now Sutton takes his most experienced squad, one that is obsessed with correcting its primary deficiency—shooting—into a relatively mild schedule. Yeah, he feels real lucky.

continued

15 UAB Early in Oliver Robinson's freshman season at the University of Alabama in Birmingham, Coach Gene Bartow inserted him in a game at guard. "Man, the ball felt this big!" says Robinson, drawing a huge circle in the air. "I didn't know what to do with it. I knew then I wasn't a guard." Robinson's rise as a player parallels the Blazers' development into a major basketball power. Just as Robinson, who's now a senior, is very much a guard, so is UAB a Top 20 team in only its fourth year. "When I came here to start publicizing basketball," says Sports Information Director Pete Derzis, "we literally didn't own a ball." Now the Blazers own one that says UAB 69, KENTUCKY 62, a souvenir from a first-round NCAA victory last year. With four starters returning, things should only get better.

Robinson was Bartow's first recruit. Back then he was a 6' 4" forward who could leap out of the gym but couldn't hit the basket with a bazooka. Bartow told Robinson he'd have to work on his backcourt skills if he wanted to be a big-time player. So Robinson went to as many as three basketball camps a summer and practiced alone for hours in the Blazers' Bell Gymnasium. "That's the best way," says Robinson, "because you can talk to yourself." Now Robinson has opponents talking to themselves. He averaged 15.9 points, four rebounds and three assists per game last year.

Robinson is one of six Blazers from Birmingham. Another is Forward Chris Giles, who left Southern Illinois when he learned his hometown had a team. Giles wasn't heavily recruited in high school, but he grew four inches in college, to 6' 8", and his 11.6 scoring average and 7.8 rebounds per game make him almost as important as Robinson.

The prize catch out of Birmingham four years ago was 6' 10", 225-pound Center Norman Anchrum, who went to the University of Alabama. He departed three months later for Tennessee-Chattanooga and the next year came home to UAB. Now he's part of a pivot platoon with another senior, Donnie Speer, who's 6' 8".

The fourth returning starter is senior Forward Craig Lane, a 52% shooter who averaged nine points and four rebounds per game last year. He may be pushed by a transfer from Missouri with the publicity man's dream name of Lex Drum. At point guard Bartow plans to replace Glenn Marcus, who graduated, with either sophomore Luellen Foster or senior Jonath Nicholas.

Bartow considers 6' 6" Swingman Marvin Ray Johnson from Birmingham to be his top recruit. "He has greatness written all over him," says the coach. UAB has that potential, too.

16 Georgia In its 50th year of SEC competition, Georgia finally seems capable of reaching some goals that it should have taken care of a long time ago—its first 20-win season, its first NCAA tournament bid and its first conference championship.

Not that Georgia was a pushover last season. The Dogs beat every team in the league except Kentucky, upset third-ranked LSU in the SEC postseason tournament and frittered away several other apparent victories with last-minute ball-handling errors. And yet when one looked beyond the conference's leading scorer (at 23.6 points per game) and most exciting player, Forward Dominique Wilkins (page 44), the 19-17 Bulldogs weren't really deep enough to go the distance. Only five players saw action in Georgia's season-ending 73-72 loss to South Alabama in the second round of the NIT, and it may have been fatigue that caused a five-point lead to disappear late in the game.

Things should be different this season. For one thing, Wilkins didn't turn pro. For another, Coach Hugh Durham has so much depth he could send in a second unit to give his starters a rest and be hardly the worse for it.

In the frontcourt, Terry Fair, a muscular 6' 7" center, takes pride in chopping taller opponents down to size. While Wilkins looks for dunks, Georgia's other forward, James Banks, can drill it from the foul line and will crash both backboards. Lamar Heard, a lefty, is the third forward, and 6' 8" freshman Richard Corben will spell Fair on the rare occasions when he gets in foul trouble.

The guard corps is led by 6' 5" sophomore Vern Fleming, a big scorer in high school who has become a playmaker. Eric Marbury is one of the Dogs' few seniors though he sometimes plays like a freshman. Marbury had best not stray too far from Durham's team concept this season because 6' 3" junior Derrick Floyd and 6' 3" freshman Gerald Crosby are both capable of taking his place. Crosby can poke the ball away from an unwary dribbler, feed Fleming in full stride for a layup and somehow look blasé about it.

But what will Durham do when the Dogs take one of those tissue-paper leads into the final minute? Easy. He'll go to Darryl (Pee Wee) Leonard, a 5' 6" freshman who should add another dimension to the team's offense. When Leonard was in high school in St. Louis, he was listed at 5' 8". "He shrank during shipping," says Durham. Leonard was born to run a delay game, and when opponents can find him to foul him, he makes 90% of his free throws. The Dogs aren't dogs anymore.



Robinson and Giles of UAB are a winning duo on hospital visits.

continued

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17 Indiana Once again Indiana will be in the hunt for the national championship, and that, more than anything, is a measure of Bobby Knight's singular ability as a coach. At 41, and with two NCAA titles to his credit, Knight has discovered that a challenge still turns him on. So, instead of taking the money CBS offered him to retire on top and become a TV sportscaster, Knight decided to stay in Bloomington and try to solve the puzzle of defending the title without Ray Tolbert, who graduated; Isaiah Thomas, who gave up his last two years of eligibility to turn pro; and Landon Turner, who may never walk again because of injuries suffered last summer in an automobile accident.

The Hoosiers are young—there isn't a senior on the team and they almost certainly will start a freshman center—but they are talented. And when Knight says, "I get enthused coaching these kids and watching a team develop," that ought to be enough warning for anybody. The starting center figures to be 6' 9", 215-pound John Flowers, one of the best athletes ever recruited by Knight. Besides scoring 24 points a game last year for Fort Wayne's South Side High, Flowers placed second in the long jump at the state track meet and was a finalist in the 200-meter.

Backing up Flowers should be Uwe Blab (pronounced u-eh-lap). At 7' 2", Uwe is not only the tallest Hoosier player ever, but he's also the first Indiana player born in West Germany. Having lived in the U.S. only a couple of years, he's still a little naive about basketball here. For instance, when he first met Knight, he had never heard of him.

"The other coaches all came to visit me in the summer," said Blab, when Knight first called on him last winter, "and then came back to visit me again."

"Well, you haven't been to see me, either," said Knight, "and I've done a helluva lot more for college basketball than you have."

In the end, Blab may do wonders for Indiana. "He's better at this stage than Kent Benson was," says Knight.

The forwards figure to be a couple of 6' 8" juniors, Ted Kitchel, a returning starter, and 225-pound Steve Bouchie. The backcourt will be anchored by 6' 6" junior Randy Wittman, a real zone-buster. Guard Jim Thomas, the big-play man of the NCAA tournament, will be asked to be the Thomas this season instead of the other Thomas, as he was in 1980-81.

By season's end, a lot of folks may be wishing that CBS had been a little more persuasive about that job offer.

18 Alabama Though Winfrey (Wimp) Sanderson has been a part of two NCAA tournament and five NIT teams in his 22 years as an assistant and head coach at Alabama, he still finds all the hoopla over this season's Crimson Tide mighty hard to believe. There's no question that Alabama will be a good, experienced team. It has four starters back from last year, when it went 18-11, led the SEC in rebounding and advanced to the second round of the NIT. The Tide also had the finest recruiting year in its history. Suddenly there's Final Four talk around Tuscaloosa, and that has Sanderson shaking his head. "I thought nothing could top the pressure I felt last season, my first as a head coach," he says. "Now everybody has us packing for the Final Four New Orleans."

Sanderson lured four highly regarded in-state recruits to Tuscaloosa, two of whom, 6' 9" Power Forward Bobby Lee Hurt and Guard Ennis Whitley, were ranked among the top 10 high school prospects in the nation last season. Hurt figures to start at the forward opposite senior Eddie Phillips, 'Bama's best player. An All-SEC selection since his sophomore season, he was the Tide's leading scorer (17.0 points per game) and rebounder (9.8) last season. The center is 6' 9" senior Phillip Lockett, a solid defender who chipped in with 8.7 points and 7.4 rebounds a game last year. Barking him up is 6' 11" freshman Mark Farmer, a promising talent despite having missed virtually his entire senior season in high school with a broken ankle. Mike Davis, a 10.2-points-per-game scorer as a sophomore, will start as one guard.

The other guard could be Eddie Adams, sidelined until at least early December with a bone chip in his right knee; Whitley, a fine passer and floor leader; or Eric Richardson.

The Tide was a mediocre (46.7%) shooting team last year, so Sanderson has revved up the offense, partly to take advantage of Hurt's prodigious rebounding talents and Whitley's ball-handling skills, and partly to produce more high-percentage shots. As good as Alabama looks, Sanderson isn't about to get rid of the scowl that has won him the nickname Happy. "I'm a worrier," he says. "People who don't know me think I'm the meanest guy in the world. People who do know me accept me for what I am. I'm just trying to help the world keep turning. If everyone drove a blue car, the world would be sick of blue cars." Crimson, of course, is a car of a different color. Even Happy should like this year's model.





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senger compartment.

Various multi-layered sound-deadening materials are applied to the floor and firewall areas to block noise even further.

The aerodynamically-shaped body of the 626 also contributes to a quiet interior by reducing the sound of the wind as it rushes past the windows and pillars.

THE MAZDA 626 HAS VERY HIGH RESALE VALUE.

According to the Kelley Blue Book, July-Aug. 1981, the 1979 Mazda

626 Sport Coupe has retained 96.4% of its original suggested retail price.

1979 MODEL	RETAINED VALUE		
	80%	90%	100%
Mazda 626 Sport Coupe			96.4%
BMW 320i			110.9%
Datsun 280SX Coupe			85.6%
Toyota Celica GT Coupe			81.8%

information for '82 they may vary, as max availability at dealers of vehicles with specific features

mazda

The more you look, the more you like.

Kings, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.
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The pleasure is back.
BARCLAY

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



19 Villanova John Pinone likes bears. He admires their power, strength and agility, qualities he ascribes to himself. "Oh, he's really into them," says his girl friend, Courtney Vanderslice, a member of Villanova's women's basketball team. "We watch *Wild Kingdom* and go to the zoo a lot."

The 6' 8", 228-pound Pinone's opponents think of him more as a bull, which best describes his way of "establishing position" around the basket. But even detractors who think Pinone ought to be playing football can't ignore his china-shop touch, which last year produced 15.8 points per game on 55.4% accuracy. And this season they may have to admit that overall Pinone is more bear than bull because Coach Rollie Massimino plans to play him a lot at the high post.

The Wildcats used to depend on homegrown talent drawn to Villanova by a desire to play in Philly's Big Five series. Not anymore. There isn't a Philadelphia on Villanova's roster, and most of this year's recruits were lured by the Big East competition. Massimino, however, remains in the best tradition of the tie-tugging, arm-waving, ref-baiting Big Five coaches of the past, though he professes to have toned down his act last year. "Dave Gavitt [commissioner of the Big East] is going to turn me into a mannequin," says Massimino. "Every time I stand up and start to say something, I hear him shout, 'Your health! Your health!'"

Forward Alex Bradley, now with the Knicks, will be tough to replace, but the Wildcats won six of 11 games he missed last year with an injury. Forward Aaron Howard was a major reason for those victories. Howard is the ideal "role" player, a tough defender and rebounder who shoots well enough (55.0%) to take some pressure off Pinone.

Two recruits will help, too. Guard Dwayne McClain is a deadly shooter, while Forward Ed Pinckney was a high school All-American and is an interviewer's delight. Asked what it was like growing up as he did with six sisters, Pinckney said, "No bathroom time. I mean none at all."

Villanova lost a long-range bomber in Tom Sklenkiewicz, but Frank Dobbs can be a worthy replacement. Coming back to the other guard is Stewart Granger, who averaged 12.9 points a game.

Granger, who is originally from Montreal, was a member of the Canadian national team that handed the eventual champion U.S. its only defeat at the World University Games this summer. The Americans' center was Pinone. "We just stayed away from each other," says Granger. Many of Pinone's opponents will take a similar tack this season.

20 UNLV The guy who's doing most of the cussing and screaming these days at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas basketball practices isn't Runnin' Rebel Coach Jerry Tarkanian. Of course, he has a right to scream. Last season the Rebels tumbled to 16-12, marking the first time in 19 college seasons that a Tarkanian-coached team failed to win 20 games.

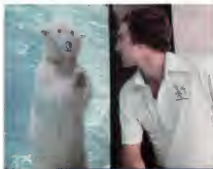
But, still, Tarkanian isn't screaming. That's being done by former Army, Clemson, Buffalo Braves and Jacksonville Coach Tate Locke, who got a reported \$50,000 settlement after the Dolphins dismissed him last April. Locke's specialty is defense, but in a broader sense, he's at UNLV as a part-time assistant to help kick the sometimes apathetic Rebels in the rump. "People with talent are the most dangerous people on earth," says Locke, "because they can take you so far and then let you down. They did that to Jerry."

One of the Rebels' shortcomings last season was the absence of a floor leader. Tarkanian reckoned that he could make Greg Goorjian, a good shooting guard, into a playmaker, but Goorjian didn't do anything very well when he played on the point. Michael Burns, at 6' 7" more a penetrator than a point man, was tried. He, too, fizzled.

Injuries to Burns, who sprained his left ankle, and to 6' 9" Forward Sidney Green, who hyperextended his left knee, didn't help. "I thought we'd be great," says Tarkanian, "but when we found out Greg couldn't play the point we should have replaced him. Then Mike and Sid went down, and we were really in trouble." Turk has recruited a stable full of high school and junior-college players, including his son, Danny, a 6' 2" playmaking guard with the ability to get the Rebels off and running again. UNLV has all of the shooting guards it needs. Leading scorer Larry Anderson (15.5 points per game) and Goorjian are two of the best gunners around. The top freshman recruit, Swingman Dwayne Polee, the 1980-81 Los Angeles 4-A high school player of the year, was slowed early in preseason workouts by injuries sustained in an auto accident, but he has recovered.

Up front, last season's three starters—Green, Forward Richard Box and Center Michael Johnson—all return, but Johnson could be relegated to spot duty by Richie Adams, a transfer from Massachusetts Bay Community College.

Then, there's Locke, who despite his practice vocabulary has been embraced by the players. "We have players who need discipline," says Box. "Coach Tarkanian will get you motivated and get you to play hard, but he has always needed an axman." **END**



If Pinone continues to bear down, the Wildcats should bear up.

THE BEST OF THE REST

Leading candidates for the NCAA field are the Top 20 and these 28

by ALEXANDER WOLFF



To LSU fans, the soaring play of Howard (Hi C) Carter is very refreshing.

If the Trans America Athletic Conference has any sense of flair, it will send **CENTENARY** as its representative to the NCAA tournament's field of 48. The Gents' top scorer and passer have names you'd expect to find in a history book: Cherokee (Chief) Rhone and Napoleon Byrdson III. Rhone, a 6' 9" senior center, is coming back from a knee injury that sat him down midway through last season, when he was averaging 21.7 points and 10.6 rebounds a game. Although the doctors say Rhone is fully recovered, Coach Tommy Canterbury is taking nothing for granted. "Well to me is getting 28 points against Arkansas," says Canterbury, alluding to something Chief did last year. "Well to them might be walking to English class." Byrdson, a 145-pound spry of a point guard who handed out 6.3 assists a game in 1980-81, puts his deft hands to good use as a pre-dentistry student. "If we stick him in the whirlpool we have to put a life preserver on him," says Canterbury. "But he's sharp as a tack, and if he can get up high enough to look into somebody's mouth, he's going to make a lot of money." Another key returnee from the 16-12 Gents of last season is Forward Willie Jackson, who averaged 17.2 points and 7.9 rebounds per game.

"We've got a beautiful schedule," says **ALCORN STATE** Coach Davey Whitney, whose Braves should win the Southwest-

ern Athletic Conference. "A beautiful schedule. If people don't take us seriously, it could put us in the limelight." Missouri, Kansas and Illinois beware. Whitney has outstalked Mississippi and Mississippi State for some of the best talent in the Magnolia State, including 6' 7" All-SWAC Forward Albert (Silk) Irving, who is almost completely recovered from a stress fracture in his right leg.

After losing four seniors to the NBA draft, **LSU** isn't likely to equal last year's 31-5 record or make the Final Four again. But the Tigers will be a factor in the post-season tournament, thanks to the return of Forward Leonard Mitchell and Swingman Howard (Hi C) Carter, whose nickname fits his jumping ability. Freshman Forward Stefford Johnson will start, along with classmate Ray Borner, an affable 6' 10" Aussie Center with a knack for getting position. Sophomore Guard Johnny (Bullet) Jones will run the show, though Coach Dale Brown cautions, "Sometimes his speed is a lethal aspect for the positive and sometimes for the negative."

SOUTH FLORIDA was limping along with a 2-4 record last season when it won 12 in a row and 14 straight at home to earn a berth in the National Invitation Tournament. Two talented transfers become eligible this season and will play alongside two-time Sun Belt Conference scoring champ Tony Grier (19.2 point

average last season) and senior frontcourt men Vince Reynolds and Willie Redden. In 1980-81 Reynolds and Redden averaged 24 points and 16 rebounds between them as South Florida improved its record from 6-21 in 1979-80 to 18-11 in its first year under Coach Lee Rose. Rose expects either Lewis Card, late of Auburn, or Dave Bastian, late of Butler, to become the point guard who'll free Grier from ballhandling chores and make him even more of a scoring threat. The 1,400 students who plant themselves in the Rose Garden of the school's year-old Sun Dome will have plenty to shout about.

The changing of the guards has occurred at **PURDUE**, where the Boilermakers' two starters and top reserve in the backcourt are gone. "We'll be biding our time to get some experience," says Coach Gene Keady, who was 21-11 in 1980-81, his first season at Purdue. The new guards are two seniors: Kevin Stallings, a fine passer and shooter, and converted Forward Keith (Ice) Edmonson, a San Antonio native and George Gervin disciple who has the agility and touch to play the shooting guard spot. The front court features holdovers Russell Cross, a 6' 10" sophomore, and Forward Mike Seacree, a standout in last season's NIT. Cross, who averaged 16.9 points and 6.3 rebounds a game as a freshman, may switch from center to forward, opening up some room for either 6' 10" junior Ted Ben-

son or 7-foot sophomore Joe Gaamfer. **NOTRE DAME** Coach Digger Phelps has his work cut out for him. Gone from last season's 23-6 team are the formidable Kelly Tripucka, Orlando Woolridge and Tracy Jackson. "We're not worried about being in the Top 20," says Phelps. "We'd be satisfied to be in the next 28." Wish granted, for now, even though none of the Irish returnees averaged in double figures a year ago. Phelps calls John Paxson "the best guard in the country," but he's not about to lavish similar superlatives on silky but unproven Forward Bill Varner. The incoming class is thin, but Phelps promises, "We're going to steal 20 victories."

"We get calls from the pro people," says **EVANSVILLE** Coach Dick Walters. "Everybody's buzzing about him. I just hope that, with all the hype, people will be patient and not expect him to be Magic Johnson from Day One." But he is Magic Johnson. Rachue (Magic) Johnson, a sound familiar?—6'9" sophomore point guard and defensive forward. While Johnson's talent isn't suspect, his temperament is. He enrolled at Missouri last year but left the day before preseason practice, taking his funky game home to New Albany, Ind. The presence of freshman Forward David Bennett, a high-school teammate of Johnson's, should levitate Magic's spirits—and give the Aces' bench some depth. But it'll be the starters who should earn Evansville the first automatic bid awarded the 3-year-old Midwestern City Conference. Aside from Johnson, they are 6'10" sophomore Forward Kenny Perry, who had the finest first season in Evansville history despite playing every game with a broken bone in his left wrist. Theren Bullock, a finesse forward and good passer; and young Turk Emir Turan, a 7'1" center. Evansville's Ace in the hole is 6'5", 195-pound senior Guard Brad Leaf, a 17.6 point scorer on last year's 19-9 team who's stronger following some off-season weight work. He and Bullock are co-captains and members of the first class recruited after the 1977 airplane crash that wiped out the entire Evansville team.

If **MISSOURI** seemed like a team that self-destructed on the road last season—the Tigers were 8-10 in away games and 22-10 overall—imagine how Center Steve Stipanovich felt after almost self-destructing at home. He shot himself while cleaning a gun and then concocted

a story about a pistol-wielding intruder to explain away the incident. "Naturally, he was embarrassed," says teammate Jon Sundvold. "But he has come back this fall with new purpose." Sundvold, a 13.8-points-per-game guard, and the 6'11" Stipanovich will be joined as starters by defensive ace Moan McCrary, All-Big Eight Forward Ricky Frazier and Mark Dressler, a fiery, fine-shooting forward who sat out all of last season with an injured left knee. Missouri has won the last two Big Eight championships but no school has ever won three in a row. Miz-zou might change that.

In his first year on the job last season, Clem Haskins coached **WESTERN KENTUCKY** to a surprisingly good 21-8 record and the Ohio Valley championship. The Hilltoppers figure to be just as strong in 1981-82. The front line returns intact, led by Forward Tony Wilson and 6'10" All-OVC Center Craig McCormick, who averaged almost 30 points between them.

Two willowy transfers and a 5'9", 155-pound point guard should earn **BALL STATE** the Mid-American Conference's NCAA tournament berth. David Scott, 6'9" and 200, and Jon Mansbury, 6'7", 215, formerly of Arkansas and TCU, respectively, should be the forwards. The glue that holds the Cardinals, 20-10 a year ago, together is 5'9" Ray McCallum, Ball State's leading scorer two times running, including 18.4 last season.

With all five starters back from an 18-10 team, **WESTERN CAROLINA** should outdistance injury-plagued Furman in the Southern Conference. Ronnie Carr led the team in scoring (17.6 points) and made the first three-point basket in collegiate history as the SC experimented with the three-point shot. Swingman Greg Dennis, who averaged 15.9 points per game, is Coach Steve Cottrell's other all-conference player. The Catamounts also recruited four freshman frontliners, the best being Forward Cedric Cokely, who could start immediately.

WAKE FOREST welcomes back its front line of 6'11" Jim Johnson, Guy Morgan and Alvis Rogers and most of the other players who helped run North Carolina out of its own gym 84-68 and won 14 straight games before coming down to earth and finishing the season at 22-7. The Deacons' biggest task will be to find a suitable replacement for point guard and first-round NBA draft pick Frank Johnson (Washington Bullets). Coach

Carl Tacy's choice is 6'2" freshman Delaney Rudd, who was lightly recruited because his coach at Hollister (N.C.) High insisted on playing him at center.

LONG ISLAND UNIVERSITY is located in Brooklyn, one of the most fertile breeding grounds for basketball talent anywhere, and Coach Paul Lizzo has succeeded in persuading an outstanding flock of prospective Blackbirds not to fly the coop. Eight of the 10 players who got LIU an 18-11 record and an NCAA bid in 1980-81 are back, including four starters, and all live a subway ride away from school. Center Raley Clarida, an honorable mention All-America, is the best of the Blackbirds, but 5'9" Earl Fuller, a Brownsville product nicknamed World after erstwhile neighbor Lloyd Free, is the most spectacular.

OLD DOMINION should beat out James Madison as the ECAC South's NCAA qualifier. The four starters returning from last season's 18-10 Monarchs are bolstered by a good recruiting class. Senior Forward Ronnie

continued



Dressler will make Missouri a threat—reely.



As a teacher's aide, the Cowboys' Gamett rides herd on a class of third-graders.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL continued

McAdoo scored 15.9 points and had 7.9 rebounds a game in 1980-81, and Center Mark West, who led the nation with more than four blocked shots a game last season, was in double figures in both scoring and rebounding.

"Buzzer jobs, we call 'em," says former **ST. JOSEPH'S** Coach Jim Lynam, whose assistant, Jim Boyle, has replaced him. "We had a lot of buzzer jobs." And in two seasons as a starting guard, senior Bryan Warrick has been the key figure at the end of 11 such victories. Seven of them came last year as the Hawks soared to a 25-8 record and the East Coast Conference championship. Warrick's running mate, Jeffery Clark, is also back, as is the cream of the Philly high school crop of two years ago, Forward Lonnie McFarlan and Center Tony Costner.

PRINCETON Coach Pete Carril isn't used to getting all-city high school players. He's especially not used to getting all-city players from Los Angeles. And to have an All-L.A. prospect change his mind and decide to enroll just a few weeks before school opens—well, it's almost enough to cure Carril of his congenital pessimism. The hotshot is Lawrence Raphael, a shooting guard, who'll get playing time with two other promising freshman backcourt candidates, Jeff Paganio and Isaac Carter. By midseason one of them will probably pair up with sophomore Bill Ryan, who started most of his freshman season and contributed five as-

sists and five steals in the Tigers' playoff win over Penn for the Ivy title. The frontcourt has experience in Craig Robinson, Neil Christel and Rich Simkus. Robinson is the top returning scorer, while Christel, Ryan and Simkus, a 6'8" center, are the three passers who make Princeton's clockwork orange-and-black attack go.

NORTH CAROLINA A&T was the surprise of the Mid-Eastern Athletic Conference last season, going 21-8 and reaching the NIT with mostly freshmen and sophomores. Coach Don Corbett's Aggies, led by top scorer James Anderson (18.3 points a game) and top rebounder Joe Binion (9.3) should win the 1982 league tourney and earn their first NCAA tournament bid since going Division I in 1971.

Although the Eastern Eight is reportedly on the verge of falling apart, **WEST VIRGINIA** is as stable as ever. Forward Greg Nance is the only major loss from last spring's 23-10 NIT semifinalists, and a 14-game summer tour of Australia should give Coach Gale Coker's Mountaineers a running start. Forward Russel Todd was on top of his game Down Under, playing the best ball on the tour; Greg Jones is the top guard in the conference and made the NIT all-tournament team.

BOSTON COLLEGE wore out 23 opponents in 1980-81 with Coach Tom Davis' constant substitutions and wore out more than a few basketballs with its constant

bounce-passing. Last season's Eagles were a finesse team, but now B.C. has two bruisers to go along with four veteran starters. John Garriss, a 6'8", 215-pound shot-blocking specialist, is eligible after transferring from Michigan, and 7-foot Montreale Ron Crevier, a junior and a former Junior A hockey player, spent last season playing with the Canadian national team. Big East Conference Player of the Year John Bagley (20.8 points per game), British Forward Martin Clark and 6'9" Center Jay Murphy are the best of the starters, but in Davis' scheme, starting doesn't mean much.

HOLY CROSS should improve on its 20-10 record of last year and earn the ECAC North's NCAA bid. Though the Crusaders lost two sharpshooters in forwards Garry Wits and Tom Seaman, they retain one of the East's best backcourts in Kevin Greaney, who toured South America during the off-season with an NIT all-star team, and Eddie Thurman. Forwards Chris Logan and Pat Elzie blossomed toward the end of last season and are likely starters; the top newcomers are Forward James Carlton, Guard Larry Westbrook and 6'10" Center Myles Maguire, who worked over the summer at The Meadowslands in New Jersey as, presumably, the world's tallest vendor.

When **BRIGHAM YOUNG** opened its season last Saturday with a 63-61 loss to Virginia, it clearly missed Danny Ainge, the erstwhile Blue Jay and incipient Celtic. These days Ainge is a volunteer JV coach who can only help call the shots, not take them. "You don't replace a Danny Ainge," says Coach Frank Arnold. Senior Fred Roberts, 6'10", leads a front line that averaged 37 points and 27 rebounds a game last year when BYU went 25-7 and finished third in the Western Athletic Conference.

BYU should make the tournament field, but look for the WAC's automatic bid to go to **WYOMING**. "We might not be as explosive or flashy as last year," says Coach Jim Brandenburg, whose Cowboys no longer have their all-time leaders in scoring (Charles Bradley) and rebounding (Ken Olie). "We'll have to fit the pieces together a little differently." Last year's team was 24-6 and led the nation in field-goal-percentage defense and scoring and rebounding margins. Center Bill Garnett, 6'9", is the top returnee (14.1 points, 6.8 rebounds), and Dwight McClendon and Mike Jackson, Wyo-

ming's best outside shooter, will man the backcourt.

OREGON STATE, defending Pac-10 champion, has only two starters back from the team that won 24 straight and finished 26-2, and neither sophomore Forward Charlie Sittion nor senior Guard Les Conner qualifies as a veteran. Each is beginning only his second season as a Beaver. Oregon State will make its case to the tournament committee on the strength of its schedule, which includes early games with BYU and Louisville and, of course, the home-and-home action in the Pac-10. A junior college transfer from Canada and two reserves from last season will be asked to replace the 44.5 points per game that left with All-America Center Steve Johnson and Guards Ray Blume and Mark Radford. The newcomer is 6'11" Center Greg Wiltjer; the holdovers are Rob Holbrook, a senior forward who started as a sophomore, and Guard William Brew.

"I've never experienced such fan appreciation," says **FRESNO STATE** Coach Boyd Grant, who previously was an assistant at Kentucky. "They're first-class and gracious. And never rowdy." The enthusiasm of the Red Wave, as the Bulldog backers are known, combined with Grant's deliberate style—he calls it "tempo programming"—should serve Fresno State well as it defends the PCAA title. "We favor substance over style,"

says Grant, which means potentially stylish Rod Huggins, Fresno's All-America candidate at forward, won't gussy up his 15.4 scoring average. Fifteen a game is a bundle, considering that the Dogs are at their best when their top-of-the-charts defense—50.4 points allowed per game while going 24-4 in 1980-81—keeps scores in the 40s and 50s.

The man they call Dwight Lightning made an impressive debut with **SOUTHERN CAL** last year, averaging 19.3 points in 12 second-semester games while still not completely sure of himself or Coach Stan Morrison's system. "I averaged those points, on confusion alone," says Guard Dwight Anderson, who had transferred in from Kentucky. Now, with All-Pac-10 Forward Maurice Williams, Jacques Hill and James McDonald on hand to start again, and with the return of 6'9" Clayton Olivier, who missed all but the first two games of last season with bone spurs in his right leg, the Trojans will be plenty deep—and certain to improve on their 14-13 record. "I could have a problem trying to keep 15 people happy," says Morrison. "But that's better than not having that problem."

The **UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO** retains four starters from last season's 25-4 team, most notably the Big Sky's MVP, junior Guard Brian Kellerman, who averaged 18 points per game. Other key returnees: Forward Phil Hopson and Point

Guard Kenny Owens. The Vandals will have to survive major losses at two positions. One is the pivot, where both the starter and backup from 1980-81 have departed. The other is what one might call the "roof." The Vandals have won 21 straight at the Kibbie Dome, a covered multi-purpose facility. But the Dome developed a leaky roof after the season and no sooner had the school removed the top for repairs than it rained. Poured. Kibbie's innards got soaked—as might some of the Vandals' fans while the repair job is being completed.

LAMAR is making a habit of sorts of being in the NCAA tournament, having gained the Southland Conference berth three years in a row. But unlike many representatives of upstart conferences, the Cardinals have actually won in the tourney, too, eliminating such powers as Missouri and Oregon State. Even though the top three starters from a 25-5 team have completed their eligibility and another starter didn't return to school, look for the Cards to qualify again. Coach Pat Foster brought in six recruits, including five junior college transfers, to join Forward Kenneth Perkins and Guard Terry Long. Two of the J.C. products, Brian Kellybrew and Ronnie Wennberg, were last season's leading scorers for Westark (Ark.) Junior College, the national champ at that level. "I don't believe we'll be labeled a streaky club, like some of the other Lamar teams were," says Long, a senior. The only streaky label the Cards would like to maintain is the one regarding the Beaumont Civic Center, where they've won 46 straight, the nation's longest homecourt skein.

After 10 months in the U.S., Akeem Abdul (Jellybean) Olajuwon, **HOUSTON**'s 6'11½", 240-pound freshman center, has decided he likes steak and Moses Malone. The steak has replaced the native Nigerian's usual diet of rice—for breakfast, lunch and dinner—and added 25 pounds to his frame. Jellybean—he prefers the nickname Little Moses—joins just about everyone from last season's 21-9 SWC tournament champion Cougars. However, All-America Guard Rob Williams, who averaged 25 points a game, might be out until the SWC season starts in January because of minor surgery on his right knee. Williams is also noteworthy for his gold tooth. "My mother has one, my father has one, my sister has one, my brother has one," he says. "I didn't want to be the oddball."

CONTINUED



High-scoring Williams will make Houston one of the classiest teams in the country.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL KENNEDY

Why Is This Man Laughing?

Because He Just Read His Obituary

Although reports of Joe Retton's death were greatly exaggerated, there is no overstating his record at Fairmont State

By Ray Kennedy

Joe Retton, the winningest coach in college basketball, is at the wheel of the Fairmont State College van, first-braking through the dark mountains of West Virginia. Slick as a moonshiner outrunning the revenooers, he speeds through each snaking, snow-banked turn with the sure touch of a man who has spent the better part of his 50 years searching the hills for the "big, hungry kid with that special look in his eyes."

Some of Retton's bigger finds are folded into the rear of the van in a tangle of knees and elbows, dozing to the rocking lullabies of their portable radios and the inescapable John Denver refrain:

*Country Roads, take me home,
To the place I belong.
West Virginia, mountain momma,
Take me home, Country Roads.*

Ahead this January evening in 1981 is a game against Concord College deep in the coal mining country of Logan, W. Va. Behind, or "up that hollow a couple mile," as the locals say, are such roundball shrines as Cabin Creek, birthplace of Jerry West. Back thataway is where Rod Hundley earned the handle Hot Rod. And all around is Appalachia, the area the national media always descends on when it needs a stock shot—gaunt mountain family posed beside log-sided shack—for yet another report on Poverty in America.

Retton, the son of an Italian immigrant coal miner, represents the Dogpatch image of the Mountain State. Not merely because it makes the recruiting of out-of-state players more difficult, but because it is a gross distortion of a "truly beautiful state," and an affront to a good, hardy people.

"Hell, where can't you find a dilapidated place to take a picture of," Retton says. "I've seen much worse in New York City. Hey, I love West Virginia. Love the people. To be truthful, so much of me is wrapped up in these hills, deep down I've always known that I'm going to live and die here."

He already has. Or so claimed the obituary in the 1979-80 edition of *Street & Smith's Official Yearbook*, continued

Retton, here with his son, David, and wife, Nancy, leads all active coaches in both winning percentage (.847) and obits (1).



Courtside, Joe is a man of many moods.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL continued

which solemnly reported: "The sudden death last spring of Coach Joe Retton ended an incredible era of basketball for the Fighting Falcons. . . . Basketball at this West Virginia school will never be the same."

Retton sure felt the same, even amused when it was suggested that he had a lock on the comeback of the century award. Though Street & Smith's, which had inadvertently confused Retton with another West Virginia coach who had indeed passed away, printed a correction last year ("Joe Retton lives!"), news of the resurrection didn't immediately reach all of Retton's many friends in basketball. Carl Tacy, the Wake Forest coach, was shocked to his socks when, at a high school game in Virginia, he spotted

Retton sitting big as life in the stands.

"Poor Carl had tears in his eyes," Retton recalls as he guns the van along the last remaining miles to Logan. "I think he wanted to pinch me to see if I was for real. But I wouldn't let him. You see, I want to see the coaches in our conference to think I'm a ghost who has come back to haunt them. Gives us an edge."

Retton's friends were only kidding, of course, when they accused him of plotting his "death" to gain some of the recognition denied him in life. Yet that was the result. Suddenly, from the big-city elitists who think college basketball is a game played on network TV by the so-called major schools, there were questions: Where's Fairmont State? Who's Joe Retton? And what's all this business about the "winningest coach ever?"

For the record: Fairmont State, the "College on the Hill," is located in Fairmont, W. Va., 90 miles and a lot of baskets south of Pittsburgh. The Fighting Falcons are members of the West Virginia Intercollegiate Athletic Conference and compete in Division I of the National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics. Among other distinctions, Joe Retton is the only man to have twice been named NAIA Coach of the Year.

At the end of last season, his 18th at Fairmont State, Retton's career record was a stunning 461-83. His .847 winning percentage is tops among all active coaches, including Jerry Tarkanian (.810) and Denny Crum (.789), as well as such past luminaries as Adolph Rupp (.821) and John Wooden (.806).

Neither the NAIA, which has provided the NBA with Earl Monroe, Zelmo Beaty, Willis Reed, Jack Sikma, et al., nor the Falcons, who have been ranked among the NAIA's Top 10 eight times and Top 20 16 times during Retton's reign, including No. 1 in 1976, need attest the high caliber of their play. The real question, in fact, is why all those NCAA teams that know only too well who Joe Retton is, most notably a natural rival like West Virginia University, deign to play other NAIA teams but never the infamous unknowns of Fairmont State.

The Falcons need no calling cards when they arrive in Logan. More than half the town (pop. 5,000) has turned out for

the game against the Concord Mountain Lions, which is being played in the Logan High gym as a tribute to the four players, two from each team, who are graduates of the school's state championship high school squads.

These are Retton's people, none more so than Concord Coach Don Christie, who says, "This is my 21st year in this game and Jo Jo Retton is the finest coach I've ever seen. He developed the passing game before Bobby Knight even thought of it."

Jo Jo could also teach Sir Laurence Olivier a few moves. Before the game, he delivers one of his patented soliloquies, pacing the locker room as if it were the ramparts of Elsinore. "If you got it here [pounds his gut] and here [claps his heart] and here [taps his head]," he concludes, "then I'll give it to you here [whacks Darryll Corley on the rump!]"

At 6'6" and 225 pounds, "Rhino" Corley is Retton's kind of player, a tight end in shorts who revels in mixing it up under the boards. "It's like my major, industrial arts," Corley says. "I like to handle the tough jobs, you know, the elbows and bloody lips, that sort of thing."

Indeed, the game is only moments old when the Retton trademark is in striking evidence, a tenacious, clawing, in-your-face defense that is 80% zone, 20% man-to-man and 100% confounding to the Mountain Lions. Powered by Corley, 6'9" Carl Lenoer, 6'8" Andre Allen and 6'6" John Jones, the Falcons force Concord to take bad shots and then sweep the boards with a vengeance. Quick on the outlet pass, they unleash roaring fast breaks led by Guards Mike Stone and Kevin Beaford.

Beaford, a wispy sophomore who would go on to lead the team in scoring with a 19.7 average, is not your classic jump-shot artist. Rather, he throws up bombs from somewhere off his right ear, employing so much sidespin the ball seems to curve into the basket. But in it surely goes, for Beaford, the team captain, best reflects the Falcons' attack: nothing fancy, just deadly efficiency. (Indeed, more of the same can be expected this year because Beaford and Stone are back.)

Though the Falcons lead by 10 at the half, Athletic Director Colin Cameron is taking no chances. He tries to find a position on the bench that is a safe distance from Retton, explaining, "When the team falters, he pounds on you. When

continued



Beaford scored 19.7 points per game last season.



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they go well, he bear-hugs you and musses your hair. Either way, you come out feeling like you've gone one-on-one with Mean Joe Greene."

Mean, or at least slightly manic, is the word for Retton when a breakdown in the Falcons' offense brings him storming off the bench midway through the second half. He stalks, he stamps his feet, he slices the air with karate chops and dresses down the referees and his players in an ongoing harangue that causes him to lose up to five pounds a game.

Cameron emerges relatively unmarked as Fairmont State, spurred by a few of Beaford's timely sideliners, outlasts Concord to win 71-60. For Retton, it is a four-pound night, a deficiency he helps make up for at a post-game buffet provided by the town mothers.

As is his wont, on the four-hour haul home, Retton reflects on basketball as a metaphor for life. "You see that one kid lagging on defense tonight?" he says. "He wasn't ready, didn't want to work. That's what worries me about this society. The youngsters today aren't as hungry, aren't as tough as they used to be."

"You know, my father used to work in the mines on his hands and knees in water. And like most fathers, he tried to give his sons the things he never had. Well, I'm not so sure that's good. You give somebody something for nothing and they lose motivation, develop a tendency to alibi. And if you let a kid alibi, all you're doing is breeding losers."

Swinging onto I-79, Retton suggests that the road to victory is as uncertain as the sections of the state's highways that have collapsed because of the honeycomb of mines underneath. "We're only 13-2 now," he says, "and that's not a good situation." Only 13-2? "Yeah, sure, our fans are so spoiled they don't even come out until we're 19-2. Winning alone isn't good enough anymore. Now they say, 'Hey, Coach, you didn't win by enough.'"

Nonetheless, it is difficult to imagine a community that gives more open, unanimous support to a college team. True, two years ago, *The Fairmont Times-West Virginian* branded the Falcons' 20-8 season "disappointing," but that was only because of the remarkable fact that no Retton team has ever won fewer than 20 games since he took command.

More representative of the fans' esteem are the photos of Retton that adorn the walls of the bars, restaurants and

shops in Fairmont, hung right up there in a place of honor with no less a hero than John L. Lewis, "the Joe Retton of the United Mine Workers," as one shopkeeper puts it.

At the Poky Dot, a restaurant that doubles as Basketball Central 24 hours a day, Co-owner Yvon Boyce does his official maroon and white Falcon jacket each day and, like a judge in his robes, presides over the endless discussions of the team's prospects. To a man, the Poky Dot Irregulars can reel off all the particulars about, say, the 12 conference titles Jo Jo's teams have won or the nine NAIA All-Americas he has developed, six of whom have gone on to play pro ball in Europe.

An upcoming game against Salem College prompts one Irregular to recall the time in 1974 when, after losing 23 straight to the Falcons, the hapless Tigers finally upset their nemesis. "Salem's president was so overjoyed," says the Irregular, "he up and declared the next day a school holiday."

"Jo Jo's a winner, that's all," says Mickey Alvaro, an electrician who estimates that the 600 or so times he has joined the poker sessions Retton often holds in his home, "that sonofagun has won at least \$75. It's just like in basketball. He'll pull your eyes out to win."

If so, it's because Retton has spent much of his career struggling against the kind of hardscrabble odds that make his achievements all the more impressive. He was raised in Grant Town, a mining camp, where he was forever continued



Big John's hospitality can be jarring.



Boyce is just an irregular sort of a guy.



Liberal Lou says that Retton can count on the support of "all the little people."

hitching rides on the coal trains to Fairmont, 16 miles away, to play ball.

Retton graduated from Fairmont State in 1953, served with the Army in Korea and then returned to coach at Barrackville High, a tiny school tucked away in the hollows. His 147-19 record over seven seasons was the equivalent of drawing five of a kind from half a deck. He recalls, "My last year at Barrackville, the season

Retton admits, "It was embarrassing."

Worse yet, for his first seven seasons at Fairmont State, Retton's budget was so lacking he couldn't offer a single full scholarship. Consider two of his stars: One was recruited out of a gym class and the other was a wayward transfer from Salem College. Wayne Denham, a 6'7" center who had never played organized basketball before Retton spotted him doing side-straddle hops, won all-conference honors, and John Jamerson, a muscular pivotman who is now a high school teacher, became an All-America. And together, in 1968, they led the Falcons to the finals of the NAA's annual 32-team tournament in Kansas City.

Still, Retton's bench is so chronically shallow the Falcons are always in danger of being devastated by the loss of one or more starters because of injuries or foul problems. The Poky Dot Irregulars, for example, still talk about the epic triple-overtime game against West Virginia Tech at the conference tournament in Charleston several seasons ago. Having suited up only eight players, the Falcons got into foul trouble and found themselves with four men on the court in the second overtime period and—whistle, whistle—only three in the third.

"All three of them were guards, none of them over six feet," Retton recalls. "All we could do was go into a 1-1-1 defense and pray." Miraculously, the tiny trio pulled off a 64-59 win.

Today, thanks to federal grants, tuition waivers and \$12,000 from the booster club, Retton can offer six full scholarships and enough partial aid to suit up a respectable 10-man traveling squad. But times are still tough. Without an assistant coach for his first seven seasons, Retton now has an excellent one in Dave Cooper, one of his former All-Americans. The country roads are so crowded with rival recruiters these days that the pair has to take to the interstates for all-night treks to Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore and the area in between.

The range of their talent hunt is restricted by more than their gas allowance. Retton explains, "Since small colleges can't compete with the majors and their 15 full scholarships, we mainly recruit the potential player." And because NCAA rules require recruits to have a two-point grade average, Retton restricts himself to what might be called the potential player formula: Anyone 6'5" and above must be two-point and below.

Which is O.K. by Retton. Rarely, he says, are his recruits true C students; they don't lack smarts, just motivation. And that he supplies in abundance. If not a ghost, he is something of a White Shadow, a stern taskmaster who has been known to chew out his players for an hour or more, and then invite them over for supper. "Discipline is love," he preaches. "It's the same with a team as it is in a family. If a kid goes wrong, you have to get him right. You motivate, enforce, and he falls in line."

And into the classroom—or else. Retton will not have anyone jeopardizing the other winningest record he is proud of: 95% of his players have earned a degree. "The only major colleges I know of," he says, "are the ones who do a major job for their kids. Many coaches say this, but we really do win both ways."

Every way, in fact, save the old hand-to-mouth way, for at long last the Fairmont State Gypsies have a real home. It is the Feaster Center, a new \$4.2 million athletic complex that, among other amenities, features a basketball locker room that looks like a suite at the Holiday Inn-Charleston House. Lounging in an office adjacent to his luxury layout, Retton says, "We were a suitcase team for so long I promised myself that when and if we got our own locker room, it would be special." And it is: plush carpeting, easy chairs, sofas, stereo, and enough food, soft drinks and toiletries to open a 7-11—all donated by the friends of Joe Retton.

"When you don't have any money," Retton says, "you have to rub elbows with people who do." Especially if their name is Rockefeller. Like most of Retton's friends in high places, Jay Rockefeller



Retton's oldest fan is his mother, Rose.

we were 27-0 and won the state championship, the school graduated six boys and seven girls."

There were too many students when Retton moved to Fairmont State in 1963. Trouble was, the school's handball gym was 10 feet too short and a few thousand seats too small for the pandemonium the Falcons stirred up. Compelled to move after four seasons to the 3,300-seat Marion County Armory three miles from campus, Retton had to juggle his practice schedule around circuses, wrestling matches and concerts.

Running defensive drills at 6:30 a.m. and as late as 11 p.m. was had enough. So was having the players wait in line to use the two available showers. But what exactly was Retton to say when he imported a hot prospect for the grand tour of the campus and then had to drive him over to the armory for a look at a "home court" that was overrun by a dog show? "Obstacles are the measure of the man," was one of the inspiring sayings he tried. "It doesn't matter where you play, it matters how you play," was another. In truth,



ler, the governor of West Virginia, appreciates the winning image the Falcons project to the outside world. Jo Jo's record, the guv wryly notes, "looks like the precinct results in Mingo County in a good year."

Along with a new Plymouth Horizon that was driven onto the court after his 400th win, Retton has been the recipient of the ultimate tribute for a coal miner's son, a real Hollywood-style roast. At the latter affair, Rockefeller allowed that while he was president of West Virginia Wesleyan, he tried to induce Jo Jo to switch allegiances. "I offered him 20% of Exxon and one-half of my blind trust and he said he'd rather stay at FSC. After that, I didn't want him. I knew he was crazy."

Yeah, like a fox. As Retton the fundraiser, he makes the most of the fact that West Virginia University is so close, just 16 miles away, and so overshadowing a presence that the locals refer to it simply as The University. Thus he is able to work both sides of the street as Retton, the poor cousin. On one side, for example, is Bob Martin, an insurance executive who shifted his considerable support to Fairmont State because The University, his alma mater, came close but twice failed to offer Retton the head coaching job. On the other side is Liberal Lou the used car dealer, who says, "Joe can't get all the biggies, the bankers and lawyers. They back The University. What he's got, though, counts for more; he's got all the little people."

And how. On the eve of the Salem game, Retton makes his rounds with the joshing, back-clapping conviviality of an old pol priming his precinct. At Soles



Electric Co. he insists that no, absolutely never did he run his golf cart over an opponent's ball—at least not in a serious match. At the Cozy Nook bar he admits that well, yes, maybe he did once sort of flatten out a trout with a board to win the longest-fish-of-the-day contest. Now Retton is accosting a food distributor in the parking lot of the 3-Ways Inn, wondering what kind of booster would let the locker-room larder run low on provolone cheese and salami.

The pit stops, from Colassano's for a pepperoni bun—a heroic sandwich unique to the area—to Yann's Hot Dog Stand, are numerous; the cast of characters—Deacon, Sheriff, Squibb, Magic Fingers, Heavy Duty Judy—is endless. So is the hospitality at the home of Big John the salvage king, who breaks out a jar of white lightning, pours a jigger into a saucer and sets it afire. Purely precautionary, he explains; if the flame burns a certain hue of blue, the poison will get to you before the night is out. Big John's sample burns pure white. A moonshine fit for the gods—and winningest coaches. The next night, after a squeaky 74–69 win over Salem, Retton repairs to the Poky Dot to make up for a five-pound night. No sooner is he in the door when the Irregulars are on him: "Hey, coach, how come you didn't win by more?"

The next morning, long before dawn, Retton is back on the country roads in search of new worlds to conquer. The man who usually drives the 1,700 round-trip miles to Kansas City for the NAIA tournament because "God meant us to stay on the ground," is going to plunge

nearly 700 feet into the earth, his second venture ever into a coal mine.

And so, with some trepidation, he does, creeping through an eerie netherworld that is as forlorn as a tomb. "Quite frightening," Retton concludes on the eight-minute elevator ride back to reality. "Makes me understand why my father didn't want me to end up with black lung the way he did."

Less threatening is a side trip into Retton's past. The route winds by covered bridges, by creeks where he skinny-dipped and trapped muskrat, by the baseball diamond where he dreamed of a major league career before, alas, the field was covered by a mountain of coal, and into the mining camp of his youth. The houses that the coal companies built in Grant Town decades ago are still in evidence, encircling the hills in a kind of concentric caste system. Beginning with Black Bottom, the section once reserved for black miners, the houses proceed up the hills in layers, each identical in construction but gradually increasing in size as befit the job level of the miner tenant, culminating like the decorations on a wedding cake in one showy home on top.

For Retton, whose Falcons went on to finish 26–5 last year and won their 12th conference title under his direction, the symbolism seemed apt. There may be more stately mansions in the upper reaches of college athletics. But none offers the view Retton enjoys from the College on the Hill. He is king of his own mountain and, in ways few men in sport are ever privileged to know, lord and master of all he surveys.

Retton is almost always the biggest deal.



Two Born Winners

If their bloodlines mean a thing, Evelyn Johnson and Medina Dixon will make South Carolina a top contender for the NCAA women's title

by ROGER JACKSON

In appearance, there could not be two more dissimilar basketball players than Evelyn Johnson and Medina Dixon, the prized forwards of the University of South Carolina Lady Gamecocks. While it might seem that Johnson, a bulky 5' 10" junior from Lansing, Mich., could never keep up with the pace of a 40-minute college game, Dixon, a 6' 1" whippet who hails from the Mattapan district in

Boston, looks as if she were born to rebound, shoot and pass a basketball. The mind's eye conjures images of Johnson bullying her way inside, leaning for position, forcing the action, working hard, while Dixon is smooth—the glider, slider, flyer.

The fact is that both players are integral to South Carolina's quest to unseat heavily favored Louisiana Tech as the national champions of the women's game. Evelyn, the 20-year-old kid sister of the Los Angeles Lakers' Earvin Johnson, has been a do-it-all player for the Lady Gamecocks the past two seasons, while Dixon, the outstanding player in this summer's National Sports Festival in Syracuse and herself a member of an athletically gifted family, is the nation's finest freshman. Despite their differences, a common thread binds their games. Both are formidable open-court ball handlers and passers; each has a deadly outside shot. And both have the capacity to transform a mundane pass or move into an action that can galvanize a crowd. "Medina is a performer and Evelyn is, too," says Pam Parsons, the flamboyant coach of the Lady Gamecocks. "But Evelyn has had to reach the point where she feels comfortable enough to perform in games as well as in practice. I don't think Evelyn believed she could ever do the things Magic Johnson's sister was expected to do."

And who could blame the soft-spoken Johnson if she

found the Magic Man's act a difficult one to follow? That's why in the spring of 1979, while Earvin was leading Michigan State to the NCAA title in Salt Lake City, Evelyn, who had just concluded a brilliant three-year career at Lansing's Everett High School, would quickly eliminate the Spartans from her college choices. "Everyone expected me to go to Michigan State," she says, "but I didn't want to follow in Earvin's footsteps. I wanted to make a name for myself."

After two seasons at South Carolina, Johnson, now known as Sweet E around the Columbia campus for her fluid, yet powerful style of play, has an identity of her own. It didn't come easily. When she arrived at South Carolina in the fall of '79, most everyone she met asked the same annoying question—What's it like being Magic Johnson's sister? Magic Johnson's sister would sometimes reply with disgust, "I don't know. He's just like any other brother. But a little richer." He may have been like any other brother to Evelyn, but to the fans who were all too aware of her family ties, only a Lady Magic would do. "I felt the pressure of being his sister," Evelyn says. "I thought everyone wanted me to go out and perform the way he did. I felt I had to do everything right."

"Evelyn had all kinds of potential, but when she got out on the court she was really shy in terms of performance," says Parsons. "She'd score a few baskets and then play spottily."

Another distressing problem during the first half of the 1979-80 season was Evelyn's weight, which early in the year reached 217 pounds. "People couldn't believe she was a baller when she arrived," says Parsons. Evelyn had some doubts herself. "I don't think I had a lot of confidence in myself, because I was heavy," she says. "But by the time the regionals came around I had lost some weight and I had more confidence. I thought to myself, 'Hey, I'm as good as these guys.'"

Once Johnson got untracked, she was a marvel. She averaged 13 points and 5.3 rebounds a game and was second on the club in assists (62) as the Lady Gamecocks stormed to a surprising third-place finish in the AIAW national finals. She

continued



Johnson, Parsons and Dixon on a stairway for stars.



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was brilliant late in the year, averaging 17.7 points in South Carolina's final eight games. Last season she was second in scoring (16.7) and rebounding (5.9) to All-America Center Sheila Foster, but South Carolina, plagued by internal dissension, was eliminated by Old Dominion in the first round of the Region 2 playoffs.

A month earlier, South Carolina had upset the Lady Monarchs 74-64 in Columbia, and Johnson, who scored 27 points and had six rebounds, had played her finest game of the season. But for the most part, last year was a bust. "I guess I let all the dissension go on with the players last year get to me," she says. "At one point in the season I didn't care who was playing." It didn't help that Johnson had merely coexisted with her coach. Parsons can be charming, but her four-year record at South Carolina (194-43) is only slightly more notable than the number of players (17) who have either quit or have been dismissed from the squad. The point of contention was Parsons' "my way or Trailways" coaching philosophy. "You just can't stand up and voice the way you feel," says Evelyn. She and her brother even discussed the possibility of her transferring to a West Coast school, possibly USC-West, but she chose to remain at USC-South to work out her problems.

Now, with a freshman group considered the nation's best, and a more harmonious atmosphere, Evelyn exudes confidence. "I'm mentally and physically stronger than last year," she says. "She's quiet, but when she talks she says a lot," says Magic Johnson. "She's a tough woman."

If tough is the word for Evelyn Johnson, then cool characterizes Medina Dixon. Like Sweet E's, her athletic bloodline is rich: One brother, 25-year-old Zack, is a third-year running back with the Baltimore Colts; another, 20-year-old Robin, is a starter at guard for the University of New Hampshire basketball team. "People expect a lot out of me," says the low-key Dixon, whose confident, almost cocky, demeanor has earned her the nickname Ice Woman. "But I'm not here to live up to anyone's expectations." And you can be sure that there are expectations.

"Signing Medina put the icing on the cake of a great recruiting year," says Parsons, who, besides Medina, signed four

other blue-chip players, two of them high school All-Americans from right there in Columbia. "Medina is the best incoming freshman I've ever seen," she says. That's high praise, indeed, from the coach who recruited Nancy Lieberman while at Old Dominion.

Marianne Stanley, Parsons' successor at Old Dominion and the coach of Dixon's East team at the National Sports Festival, calls her "the most ferocious rebounder I've ever seen. The opposing players shudder when Medina goes up to get the ball."

Last season Dixon averaged 20 points and 17 rebounds per game in leading Rindge & Latin School of Cambridge, Mass. to a fine 23-2 record and the state

name. When I said 'Medina Dixon,' she nearly had a fit." Parsons got in touch with Medina at once, needless to say but didn't have to do much selling. "I had my mind kind of made up," says Dixon. "I just had this feeling that Carolina was the best school for me."

Because of her considerable talents, the pressure is on Dixon to contribute immediately to a team that, despite four veteran starters, needs another strong rebounder to take the pressure off Foster. Although the 6' 1" Foster, a three-year starter, has made All-America at center she is really a power forward playing out of position. With both Dixon and Foster working the backboards, the Lady Gamecocks will once again add the offensive rebound to their repertoire, something they simply couldn't do last season.

Dixon's style under the boards is unique. She jumps off one foot, controlling the basketball with one hand and slapping it into the other palm. It's certainly exciting for the fans, but some basketball purists, and in a few cases her own teammates, have pleaded with her to use the old-fashioned two-handed method. But Medina isn't easily persuaded. "I've been rebounding like that ever since I've been playing," she says, "and as long as I get the ball people shouldn't worry too much."

Some observers do worry that Dixon's occasional lack of interest in the drearier routines of practice might spill over into game situations. She admits that there are aspects of practice that seem unnecessary, but, she adds, "I concentrate on certain things that I believe will help improve my game. The things I don't go hard on are the things I already do well." An adjustment Dixon has found difficult to make is "the freshman thing," as she puts it—in particular the group study hall in a large room on the first floor of the players' dormitory. "I feel like I'm being treated like a kid," she says. Parsons, who has been through this with some of her other precocious freshman recruits, says, "Sometimes I think she would rather play basketball than go to school. But she has to learn that you have to pay a price if you're going to play college ball. There are some things she won't like that won't necessarily be bad for her. There are some things no stars have ever liked." If Dixon doesn't believe it, she can ask Evelyn Johnson.

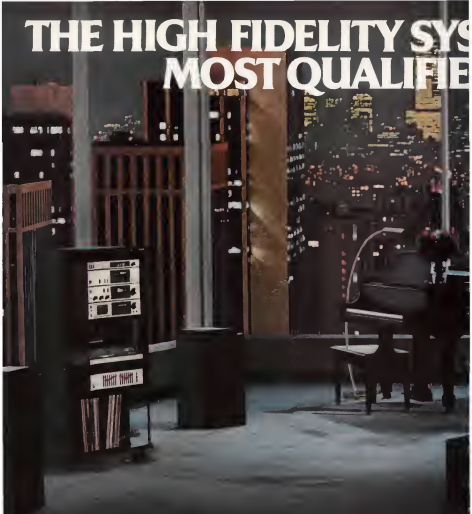
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4. OLD DOMINION
5. SOUTHERN CAL
6. LONG BEACH STATE
7. UCLA
8. STEPHEN F. AUSTIN
9. CHEYNEY STATE
10. GEORGIA

Division I finals. If the name of the high school rings a bell, it isn't surprising. It produced another pretty fair high school player last season—a 7' young man named Patrick Ewing, now gathering superlatives at Georgetown.

Surprisingly, Dixon hadn't even seen the South Carolina campus at the time she signed. While playing in an all-star game in the Catskills last summer, she renewed her acquaintance with Brantley Southern, a high school All-America forward from Columbia and another of Parsons' coveted recruits. Southern recalls that when the talk turned to their choice of schools, "Medina said that South Carolina had stopped recruiting her. Later I told Coach Parsons that there was this girl who said she wanted to attend Carolina but that she was no longer being recruited. Coach Parsons asked me her

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by Pat Putnam

You know those BYU triggermen.

They all come with arms made by Winchester and shoot holes in Western Athletic Conference secondaries while leading the nation in passing. And at the end of the season they get just enough Heisman votes to make the top six, but never No. 1. That's where Jim McMahon, the latest in a long line of BYU royal-blue rifles, found himself last Saturday as the 9-2 Cougars played 8-1-1 Utah for the WAC championship and the conference's berth in the Holiday Bowl on Dec. 18. McMahon already had 48 NCAA total offense or passing records in the bank, but Heisman watchers were squinting at people like Marcus Allen,

Dan Marino and Herschel Walker. Shoot, what does a guy who has already thrown for more than five miles and 80 touchdowns have to do?

"Just play," said McMahon with a slight grin on Friday. "I don't think about the Heisman. I'd be happy to win it, but you can't worry about it. All I want to do is go out tomorrow and beat Utah and then win our bowl game. The Heisman, that's in the hands of somebody else."

McMahon is used to that. When he first went out for football as a 10-year-old in San Jose, Calif., he wanted to be a receiver. "But the coaches had everybody try out for quarterback," he says. "The other kids threw the ball 20 to 25 yards. When I threw it 50, they made me play quarterback."

McMahon was 16 and just starting his

could do whatever he pleased the rest of the year. Even ski. Ski?

"Of course," says Edwards. "We have some of the finest skiing in the world right here. I ski myself. I can't tell a boy not to ski. That would be like bringing someone to Hawaii and telling him he's not allowed to go into the ocean. I just ask that they be careful. There are a whole lot more important things in life than football."

Once a center and linebacker at Utah State, Edwards began his coaching career in 1954 at a Salt Lake City high school, where his teams ran, without much success, from the single wing. "We never passed much," he says. "We didn't win much, either." From 1962 through 1971 Edwards was a BYU defensive coach. The Cougars were a stodgy lot then, seldom putting the ball in the air. They didn't win much, either.

"During those 10 years, we had only one good season," says Edwards. "That was when Virgil Carter was the quarterback and we passed a lot. The other years were mostly 6-4's and 2-8's. That made me think, 'Hey, this isn't the way to go. There has to be another way.'"

When Edwards became head coach in 1972, he focused recruiting efforts on quarterbacks and receivers. His first good signal-caller was Gary Scheide (1973-74). His first superior one was Gifford Nielsen (1975-77), now with Houston, an All-America who led the country in passing yardage in 1976 as a junior. Nielsen finished sixth in the Heisman voting that year.

Next came Marc Wilson (1977-79), now starting for Oakland. Another All-America, he twice led BYU to the passing title and finished third in the Heisman balloting in 1979.

McMahon arrived on campus in 1977. That season Nielsen went out with an injured knee in the fourth game, and Wilson became an instant star. As a sub, McMahon threw only 16 passes, completing 10 for 103 yards and one touchdown. Mostly he punted.

The following fall Wilson was injured in BYU's third game, against Colorado State. McMahon came in and completed seven of nine passes for 122 yards and a

McMahon with a golden arm

With one last fling Jim McMahon became the top college passer—ever

junior year of high school when his family moved to Roy, Utah. His father, Jim, is a Catholic. His mother, Roberta, is a Mormon. While slipping easily into the role of baseball, basketball and football hero at Roy High, McMahon dreamed of throwing passes for Notre Dame.

The Irish never called. But Nebraska and Oklahoma State did, and three home-state schools (Utah, Utah State and Brigham Young) also were interested in the 6', 185-pound McMahon. He visited the two out-of-state campuses but lost interest when he was told to forget about playing baseball. "If Notre Dame had called, I'd have gone," says McMahon. "But anyplace else I wanted to play baseball, too. It was my favorite sport at the time."

BYU Head Coach LaVell Edwards told McMahon that if he would just unleash that wonderful throwing arm for the Cougars each fall, well, then, he

BYU's quarterback blitzed Utah for 565 yards and four scores in a 56-28 romp.



continued

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touchdown as the Cougars won 32-6. Three games later he came off the bench again to lead a BYU comeback against Oregon. He started six of the last seven games in a 13-, count 'em, game season.

With Wilson healthy again in 1979, McMahon was redshirted. "I hated it then," he says. "But now I'm glad I stuck it out." The decision to hold McMahon out a year proved to be a sound one. Wilson led the nation in passing yardage, and BYU went 11-0 before losing 38-37 to Indiana in the Holiday Bowl. And McMahon had two seasons to play.

McMahon finally took over as top gun last year, setting 32 NCAA passing or total-offense records as Brigham Young—the nation's leader in passing yardage per game for the fourth time in five years—went 11-1 and beat SMU 46-45 in the Holiday Bowl, after trailing by 21 with four minutes to play.

"During the season I never thought about the records," McMahon says. "They just kept coming without my thinking about what was going on. It wasn't until I had a chance to look back that I realized it was an amazing year. I just hope I get to keep some of them." Finishing fifth in the '80 Heisman chase, McMahon was a first-team Coaches' All-America and a UPI and AP second-team selection.

This season McMahon took up where he had left off. Then, in the fourth game, against Colorado, he beat a safety blitz with a jump pass but was hit as he came down. The result: a hyperextended left knee. He returned two games later wearing a Lenox Hill devotional brace, the kind that gave Joe Namath a few additional seasons with the Jets and Rams, and resumed the aerial barrage.

Agility had long been one of McMahon's strengths. "He reminds you a lot of Fran Tarkenton, except that he is more accurate," says Gil Brandt, vice-president of personnel development for the Dallas Cowboys. "He's more accurate than Bob Griese was in college."

For a while, the knee injury restricted McMahon's movement, but it didn't affect his arm or his ability to call just the right audible in the face of any defense a team concocted for him. "And he's seen them all," says Edwards. "Everything from nine men in the secondary to a student-body blitz. Nothing seems to shake him. He's amazing. He'll go to the line, read the defense, and if he doesn't feel the play I sent in will work, he'll check off

to a better one. Some games he does it as often as 60 percent."

Going into the Utah game, McMahon needed two touchdown passes to break Joe Adams' NCAA career record (set in 1977-80 at Tennessee State) of 81, and 218 yards to exceed Mark Herrmann's 9,188 yards over four years at Purdue (1977-80). Operating behind an outstanding line that spends 80% of its practice time fending off the pass rush, McMahon went right to work. Within 18 minutes he had thrown for 234 yards, thus surpassing Herrmann. With 2:02 to go in the first half he erased Adams' record, too, with a six-yard scoring pitch to Tight End David Mills. For his first TD pass, McMahon had thrown eight yards to Tight End Gordon Hudson, who would catch two more scoring tosses in BYU's 56-28 romp. In all, McMahon completed 35 of 54 passes for 565 yards and four TDs. It was an exceptional day: 12 more NCAA records were his. Actually, he set 13, but he had held one himself. His career total: 60 passing or total offense records and a tie for another.

Some believe BYU quarterbacks operate by just throwing the ball into the air and hoping someone will catch it. Check this: Not only did McMahon set career passing records for yardage (9,536) and for touchdowns (84), but he also broke Danny White's career passing-efficiency record of 148.9 with a final grade of 156.9 (1,060 attempts, 653 completions, 84 TDs and only 34 interceptions).

After the game McMahon sat in front of his locker and called for the tape cutters. His left leg had been wrapped from the top of his thigh to his ankle. More tape around his middle held a large pad securely against his lower back, where he had been speared by a Utah helmet in the second quarter.

"Damn, my kidney hurts," he said, grabbing his back and trying to grimace and grin at the same time. "Now one more bowl game and then..." He smiled and started to peel away the tape.

"Then the pros?" someone asked.

"Why not? I like this game, and I don't like working. I'm not an 8-to-5 guy sitting behind a desk."

"But they're so big."

"I know. But I figure it doesn't matter what another guy weighs if he can't catch me. I'm only small and fragile if they get hold of me. And I never worry about getting hurt. I run a lot. That's because I can't stand pain."

THE WEEK

by CRAIG NEFF

MIDWEST "Heck, I only live five minutes away from the Rose Bowl," said Iowa Quarterback Gordy Bohannon. "Never in my wildest dreams did I think that I would be quarterbacking a team there this year." Yet that's where the Hawkeyes are going—for the first time since 1959—thanks to their 36-7 win over Michigan State and Ohio State's 14-9 upset of Michigan. Actually, the Hawkeyes and Buckeyes tied for the Big Ten title, but Iowa will go to Pasadena because Ohio State went more recently (1980). "Do they have a good defense? There's none better," said Michigan State Coach Muddy Waters after the Hawkeyes' victory. "But what really surprised me is how their offensive line blew us out. I thought they would run well, but not that well." Iowa amassed 397 yards on the ground, 247 by Tailback Phil Batchelor. Michigan State, meanwhile, gained just 37 yards rushing all afternoon.

"This game was a simple squandering of opportunities," said Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler, whose Wolverines could have claimed a Rose Bowl berth by beating the Buckeyes. Michigan had four possessions inside Ohio State's 10, 12 plays in all, yet could not score a touchdown. Still, late in the fourth quarter the Wolverines were leading 9-7 on three field goals by Ali Haji-Sheikh. Then, with 2:50 remaining, Buckeye Quarterback Art Schlichter cupped an 80-yard drive by scoring his second TD of the game on a six-yard roll-out. Ohio State's reward was an invitation to face Navy in the Liberty Bowl. Michigan's consolation was a bid to play UCLA in the Bluebonnet.

Another bowl-bound (Garden State) Big Ten team, Wisconsin, overcame a 254-yard passing performance by Minnesota's Mike Hohensee to defeat the Gophers 26-21. Badger reserve Quarterback Randy Wright came off the bench with 1:54 remaining and Wisconsin behind 21-20, and promptly completed four of five passes for 82 yards and a touchdown. The game winner was a seven-yard toss to Michael Jones with 1:05 left. Purdue lost 20-17 to Indiana in Jim Young's last game as Boilermaker coach (Assistant Leon Burnett was named to succeed him). Hoosier Kicker Doug Smith booted two field goals, including a 39-yarder with 8:30 left that broke a 17-17 deadlock. Illinois extended Northwestern's losing streak to 31 with a 49-12 win. Between them the teams threw a Big Ten record 109 passes. The Wildcats' Mike Kerrigan completed 24 of 35 throws for 263 yards, while the Illini's Tony Eason hit 27 of 48 passes for 409

continued

yards and three touchdowns. Eason's performance boosted his season completion total to 211 and his passing yardage to 3,360. Both are conference marks. Illinois, which finished 7-4, had its best season since 1963.

For the first time since 1969, the Big Eight championship wasn't at stake when Nebraska played Oklahoma. And the Cornhuskers, who ran away with the title this season, showed why by rolling up 462 total yards and beating the Sooners 37-14. The victory was Nebraska's first in Norman since 1971, but the Sooners (5-4-1 this season) still received an invitation to play Houston in the Sun Bowl. Husker I-backs Roger Craig and Mike Rozier rushed for a total of 239 yards. Oklahoma State won the right to play Texas A&M in the Independence Bowl with a 27-7 victory over Iowa State, reportedly the only other team in contention for that berth. Pacing the Cowboys were Quarterback Rusty Hilger, who threw touchdown passes of 16 and 24 yards to Tight End John Chesley and ran for a third score, and Kicker Larry Roush, who set an NCAA record for field goals by a freshman (18) by hitting from 47 and 26 yards. In a matchup of the Big Eight's fourth and fifth bowl teams, Kansas (Hall of Fame) took advantage of six Missouri (Tangerine) turnovers and beat the Tigers 19-11. Colorado defeated Kansas State 24-21. Buffalo freshman Hamlet Lee Rouson ran for 149 yards and one TD.

In the Mid-America Conference, Toledo clinched first place and a berth in the California Bowl against San Jose State by whipping Northern Illinois 31-0. Central Michigan edged Bowling Green 6-3 and Miami (Ohio) beat independent Cincinnati 7-3. Drake tied Tulsa for the Missouri Valley title after routing Nebraska-Omaha 53-0. Tulsa, meanwhile, lost 31-7 to Arkansas State in a non-conference game. Pacing the Indians were Tim Langford, Waddell Kelly and Tommy Walker, who ran for 111, 93 and 91 yards, respectively. Each also scored a touchdown.

SOUTH Only 12,940 fans showed up at Louisville's bitter-cold Farago Stadium Saturday, but they didn't come away disappointed. "We had our bowl today," said Coach Bob Weber after Louisville upset previously unbeaten Southern Mississippi 13-10. The Cardinals, who had lost four games in a row and brought a 4-6 record into the game, led 13-3 early in the fourth quarter after sophomore Quarterback Dean May threw his second short touchdown pass, a three-yarder to Mark Wilson. But the Golden Eagles came back with a 55-yard TD drive ending through the final period to make the score 13-10. Then, with 45 seconds to play, they had the ball on Louisville's 26-yard line. "We thought about trying a field goal," said Southern Mississippi Coach Bobby Collins. "But we decided that where we were, and with the season we had going, it was important for us to win." On fourth-and-

SI TOP 20

1. PITT (10-0)	1 *
2. CLEMSON (11-0)	2
3. GEORGIA (9-1)	3
4. ALABAMA (8-1-1)	4
5. SMU (10-1)	5
6. N. CAROLINA (9-2)	7
7. MIAMI (8-2)	8
8. NEBRASKA (9-2)	10
9. PENN STATE (8-2)	9
10. TEXAS (8-1-1)	13
11. WASHINGTON (9-2)	19
12. USC (9-2)	16
13. IOWA (8-3)	17
14. ARIZONA STATE (6-2)	18
15. OHIO STATE (8-3)	—
16. UCLA (7-3-1)	—
17. MICHIGAN (8-3)	6
18. S. MISSISSIPPI (10-1-1)	11
19. BYU (10-2)	—
20. WASH. STATE (8-2-1)	12

* Last week

12, Golden Eagle Quarterback Reggie Collier, stuffed all day by the Cardinal defense, threw an incompletion in the end zone, and Weber had "the biggest win I've ever been associated with." Southern Mississippi's consolation was receiving an invitation to play Missouri in the Tangerine Bowl.

Led by the McSwain brothers, Clemson completed its first perfect season since 1948 by defeating intrastate rival South Carolina 29-13. With the Tigers behind 7-0 in the first quarter, Cornerback Rodney McSwain blocked a Gamecock punt, which Linebacker Johnny Rembert recovered in the end zone for a Clemson TD. Tiger supporters immediately revealed their bowl preference by showering South Carolina's field with oranges. Kicker Bob Paulding then missed his first extra-point in 37 tries to leave Clemson trailing 7-6. Only when Rodney's older brother, Chuck, ran for second-half touchdowns of one and 23 yards did the Tigers pull away. Chuck finished with 151 yards on 25 carries, and Clemson got a bid to play Nebraska in, yes, the Orange Bowl.

North Carolina's Kelvin Bryant convinced Duke—and sent a warning to Arkansas, the Tar Heels' opponent in the Gator Bowl—that he is recovered from an early-season knee injury. The junior tailback, who missed four games, boosted his rushing total for the season to 1,015 yards with a career-high 247-yard performance on 36 carries as North Carolina whipped the Blue Devils 31-10. The Tar Heels, whose defense had five sacks and held Duke to less than two yards per carry, have had a 1,000-yard runner each of the last nine years.

Sugar Bowl-bound Georgia and Cotton Bowl-pick Alabama took the week off, and two other SEC teams wished they had. Tennessee, which will play Wisconsin in the Garden State Bowl, had seven turnovers—five fumbles and two interceptions—and blew a 10-0 lead in losing 21-10 at Kentucky. Wildcat Coach Fran Curci, whose team finished 3-8, blew kisses to the Commonwealth Stadium crowd as he walked off the field after the victory. "I love these people and this might be the last time I see them," said Curci, whose fans do not include Kentucky Governor John Y. Brown. Mississippi State was the SEC's other surprise loser, Ole Miss scoring a 21-17 upset. Dana Moore's 27-yard field goal put the Bulldogs ahead 17-14 with 30 seconds remaining, but three plays later State was called for pass interference in its end zone. With two seconds to play, Rebel Quarterback John Fournace, who hit 21 of 29 passes for 240 yards, scored the winning touchdown from the one. Mississippi ended the season 4-6-1, while the Bulldogs, who will face Kansas in the Hall of Fame Bowl, dropped to 7-4.

Miami jumped ahead of North Carolina State 14-0 in the first 4½ minutes and then used a stingy defense to hold on for a 14-6 victory. Jim Kelly threw TD passes of five and 60 yards to Tailback Mark Rush on the Hurricanes' first two possessions. Kelly wound up completing 21 of 30 throws for 244 yards. The Wolfpack managed only five completions and 57 yards on the ground as it lost its sixth straight game.

Charlie Wysocki ran for 153 yards and four touchdowns as Maryland finished its first losing season (4-6-1) in 10 years by routing Virginia 48-7. It was the 18th time that Wysocki, the Terps' all-time leading rusher, had gained more than 100 yards in a game. Virginia Tech ended the bowl hopes of Virginia Military by beating the Hokies 6-0, and The Citadel upset Southern Conference champ Furman 35-18. Howard edged Morgan State 35-32 in a rivalry that dates back to 1899. Morgan State leads the series 30-15-3.

WEST While the combination of Washington's 23-10 win over Washington State and Southern Cal's 22-21 defeat of UCLA was sending the Huskies to the Rose Bowl (page 32) and Brigham Young was earning a spot in the Holiday Bowl (page 88), Idaho State and Weber State were making college football history with the first-ever triple-overtime game. Weber State's Roger Ruess sent the game into overtime—which under Big Sky Conference rules consists of each team receiving one series in which it attempts to score from the opponent's 15-yard line—by kicking a 51-yard field goal with 11 seconds left in regulation play to make the score 23-23. It was 30-30 after Weber State's Phil Principe caught a nine-yard TD pass and Idaho State's Rick Ambrosi scored on a two-yard run in the first OT. In the second, after

Bengal Quarterback Mike Machorek (who wound up with 312 yards passing) threw his fifth interception of the day. Ruzek missed a 32-yard field-goal attempt. Ruzek missed again, from 44 yards, on Weber State's third overtime possession, but then, three hours and 33 minutes after the opening kickoff, Idaho State's Case de Brujin settled matters with a 32-yard field goal that gave the Bengals a 33-30 victory. Although both Idaho State and Boise State, which defeated Idaho 45-43, finished with 6-1 Big Sky records, the Bengals are considered sole champions because they beat the Broncos earlier this year.

Hawaii, which had won its first seven games, dropped to 7-2 after a 23-17 loss to the University of the Pacific. Arizona State dropped wireless Colorado State 52-7 as Sun Devil Fullback Gerald Riggs ran for 208 yards on 23 carries, and Quarterback Mike Pagel threw four touchdown passes and ran for another in only three quarters.

Running Back Durren Nelson led Stanford to a 42-21 win over California by grabbing six passes and rushing for 78 yards. Nelson caught 67 passes and ran for 1,014 yards this season. He also had two TDs against Cal to become the Cardinals' all-time leading scorer with 242 points. Although the Bears' J. Torchio threw for more yards than Stanford's John Elway (312 to 247), Elway, only a junior, tossed three touchdown passes to break Jim Plunkett's school record for career TD throws with 53. Both Oregon and Oregon State were 0-6 in Pac-10 play before Saturday's game in Eugene. For the seventh year in a row the Ducks floated and the Beavers sank. Final score: Oregon 47, Oregon State 17.

SOUTHWEST A 34-12 defeat of Baylor sent Texas to the Cotton Bowl as the Southwest Conference representative, but Southern Methodist's 32-18 win over Arkansas left no doubt as to which is the finest team in the SWC. The Mustangs, who are on NCAA probation and can't go to a bowl, concluded their best season (10-1) in 46 years and won their first conference championship since 1966. After taking a 12-7 halftime lead on two field goals by Eddie Garcia and a 10-yard interception return for a TD by Defensive End Russ Washington, SMU fell behind 18-12 at the start of the final period. Garcia tied the score with kicks of 24 and 47 yards, and then Linebacker Eric Ferguson set up Craig James' winning 10-yard TD run by picking off a pass deep in Arkansas territory. With 27 seconds remaining, Eric Dickerson added a security touchdown on a 31-yard dash. Tailbacks James and Dickerson combined for 258 of SMU's 302 yards on the ground, and the Mustangs' three interceptions gave them a national-high 31 for the year. "This is the first time anyone outmuscled us," said Razorback Coach Lou Holtz, whose team will face North Carolina in the Gator Bowl.

"We ran into a buzzsaw in the first quarter," said Baylor Coach Grant Teaff after the Bears lost to Texas. The Longhorns scored three touchdowns in the first quarter, one a 67-yard run by Running Back A.J. (Jam) Jones. The Texas defense gave Baylor Quarterback Jay Jeffery fits all afternoon, stealing six of his passes. Jeffery had thrown only six interceptions all season. Jones finished with 146 yards on 15 carries, and Darryl Clark, filling in for suspended Fullback Carl Robinson, had 131 on 13 tries as Texas gained 424 yards on the ground.

Houston, which still must play Rice, received an invitation to face Oklahoma in the Sun Bowl after beating Texas Tech 15-7. Tech, which ended up 1-9-1, led 7-3 late in the third quarter, when Cougar Quarterback Lionel Wilson hit Lonell Phea with a five-yard touchdown pass. Houston wrapped up the scoring in the final period with a field goal and a safety. Texas A&M, headed for the Independence Bowl against Oklahoma State, routed TCU 37-7 as junior Tailback Earnest Jackson rushed for 219 yards and three touchdowns.

EAST "I think guys like [Defensive Tackle] Phil Puzuch and myself and some of our offense would be great on Bourbon Street," said Pittsburgh Linebacker Sal Samsen before the Panthers' 35-0 rout of Temple. Samsen will find out how great when Pitt travels to New Orleans to play Georgia in the Sugar Bowl. In winning their 17th game in a row, the No. 1-ranked Panthers recovered five Owl fumbles and intercepted two passes, and Quarterback Dan Marino completed 20 of 34 passes for 249 yards and four touchdowns. But Marino also threw four interceptions, and Temple Defensive Back Sam Shoffer, who had two of them, said, "If I were a betting man, I'd pick Georgia." The Bulldogs defeated Temple 49-3 back in October.

Penn State flexed all sorts of muscle tauting up for this week's game with Pittsburgh. Tailback Jon Williams ran for 192 yards on 27 carries, and 6' 2½", 270-pound Defensive Tackle Greg Gattuso set up the winning touchdown drive with a fourth-quarter interception in the Nittany Lions edged Notre Dame 24-21. After the game, when the Penn State team bus was unable to drive the half-mile from Beaver Stadium to the locker facilities because several parked cars were blocking the road, 10 players got out and lifted four of the cars out of the way. "Did you see me pick up one of those babies?" joked Coach Joe Paterno, whose team accepted an invitation to play Southern Cal in the Fiesta Bowl. Gattuso's interception, off Irish Quarterback Blar Kiel, came after Kiel had thrown 17- and four-yard TD passes to put Notre Dame ahead for the first time, 21-17. The Nittany Lions then went 82 yards in nine plays, with Quarterback Todd Blackledge scoring the

winning touchdown on a one-yard run with 3:48 remaining.

In New Haven, 75,300 spectators watched Yale score its second straight shutout over Harvard, 28-0. The crowd was the largest to witness a football game in New England since the Harvard-Yale game of 1930, and included some pranksters from Princeton, who distributed a mock Yale Daily News announcing both an NCAA investigation of Harvard and Yale that might disqualify the two schools from the Ivy race, and the imminent resignation of Eli Coach Carmen Cozza. Noting the interest in The Game, Cozza said, "If I were a scalper this week, I wouldn't be a football coach." Just kidding, NCAA. Tailback Rich Dunn and Split End Curtis Grieve scored two touchdowns apiece for the Elis, who finished 9-1 overall and tied for first in the league with Dartmouth. The Big Green beat Penn 33-13 to match Yale's 6-1 Ivy record and stay one ahead of the Elis—12 to 11—in league titles won or shared. Dartmouth Defensive Back Charles Williams set up one touchdown with a fumble recovery and returned an interception 42 yards for another. Led by Fullback Larry Van Pelt, who picked up 118 yards on 34 carries and scored a pair of TDs, Princeton clinched third place with a 37-14 victory over Cornell. Brown beat Columbia 23-20 as Running Back Billy Barrett scored the winning touchdown with 27 seconds remaining on a one-yard plunge.

Joe Morris ran for 168 yards on 27 carries and scored two touchdowns to help Syracuse upset Peach Bowl-bound West Virginia 27-24. Quarterback Oliver Luck of the Mountaineers completed 34 of 48 passes for

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Iowa Tailback Phil Blatcher, a 5' 8", 188-pound senior, rushed for 247 yards and two TDs in the Rose Bowl-bound Hawkeyes' 36-7 win over Michigan State. His longest run was 46 yards.

DEFENSE: USC Junior George Achica, a 6' 5", 260-pound nose guard, blocked a last-second field-goal attempt with his left hand to preserve the Trojans' 22-21 win over UCLA. He also had five tackles.

360 yards and a pair of TDs, but he also threw four interceptions in the second half. Gary Anderson's 44-yard field goal with 4:13 to play—his 18th successful kick in 19 attempts this year, unofficially an NCAA percentage record (.947)—was the margin of victory for the Orangemen.

In the 117th renewal of the nation's most often contested rivalry, Lafayette beat Lehigh for the first time since 1976, 10-3. Boston College's 27-21 defeat of Rutgers sealed the Scarlet Knights' first losing season (5-6) in a decade.

END

Jackie is 'The First' again

Baseball is back on Broadway with a lively musical about Jackie Robinson

by Robert W. Creamer

When *Damn Yankees* opened on Broadway 26 years ago, no one really expected it to be much good. I mean, a baseball musical? Come on. Baseball movies were awful. How could a stage show be any better? But *Damn Yankees* was better, a lot better. It had wonderful tunes, lively lyrics, great dancing, a glorious star named Gwen Verdon and an honest-to-God plot. It's still being

when *The First*, based on Jackie Robinson's arrival in organized baseball, opened at the Martin Beck Theatre in Manhattan. That's when I understood why there had been no previous attempts, for the skepticism was still there.

Baseball? On Broadway? That's a joke. It can't work. The theatrical purists who write drama criticism for the three New York daily newspapers conceded that the production has some charm but appeared to be more interested in cutting the show down with those arch comments that make a critic's day: "*The First* never gets to first base" (chuckle) and "*The First* is one long seventh-inning stretch" (hee-hee) and "It's not exactly hitting a home run" (Oh Lord, that's clever).

But the fact is *The First* is an entertaining—if imperfect—show that does an admirable job of presenting a momentous occasion in American sport and, for that matter, American history. It's not comic fiction, like *Damn Yankees*, and it inevitably distorts some characters and events in a way that will annoy knowledgeable people, but it works. David Alan Grier, the 25-year-old Yale Drama School graduate who plays Robinson, evokes the first black major-leaguer's imposing presence, his intelligence, his restlessness, his smoldering fury. Without resorting to obvious imitation, Grier re-creates Robinson's distinctive pigeon-toed walk, the way he ran with his hands flailing in front of him, the arrogant, dignified curl of his lip. Grier's Robinson is believable, which to me is astonishing.

Just as astonishing is David Huddleston's performance as Branch Rickey, president of the Dodgers, who brought Robinson into the majors. Before one of the National League pennant playoff games this October between the Los Angeles Dodgers and the Montreal Expos, Bryant Gumbel presented a salute to Robinson on NBC-TV, because Robinson had broken into organized ball with Montreal and starred with the Dodgers.

During that program, some clips of *The First*, then in rehearsal, were shown. At that time Darren McGavin was playing Rickey, and in the clips he was terrible. I don't know whether McGavin jumped or was pushed, but he left the cast and was replaced by Huddleston, who is perfect as the somewhat pompous snake-oil salesman, preacher and practical man that Rickey was. Even the New York *News's* acerbic sports columnist Dick Young, who tends to find fault with almost everything, wrote that Huddleston's performance was remarkable. Young, who covered the Rickey-Robinson Dodgers, said Huddleston had Rickey's voice, Rickey's mannerisms, Rickey's walk. "He was Branch Rickey," Young marveled. Young objected to some of the historical liberties Joel Siegel took in writing *The First*, but he also said, "I enjoyed the show immensely."

David Chapman's settings, evocative of the ancient girders of Ebbets Field, the famous outfield wall, the antique scoreboard, are perfect, and the lighting by Marc B. Weiss extraordinary. The songs (by Bob Brush, with lyrics by Martin Charnin) aren't in a class with those of *Damn Yankees*, but there are lively numbers and some funny, occasionally touching lyrics. There's an obvious but nonetheless hilarious operatic takeoff using just the name of Cookie Lavagetto, an aging Dodger whose last season was Robinson's first. There's also a clever quintet in which Rickey and Brooklyn Manager Leo Durocher (Trey Wilson) play cards with three anti-Robinson ballplayers and demonstrate with poker hands and deft lyrics why a proposed strike against Jackie won't work.

I saw *The First* two nights after it opened, after the derogatory reviews had appeared. I eavesdropped at intermission and after the final curtain, trying to find out what the audience thought. Repeatedly, I heard people say, almost with embarrassment, almost apologizing for being so gauche as to disagree with the critics, "I like it."

So do I.

END



Pee Wee (Bob Morrissey) and Jackie.

staged—Joe Namath starred in a damp version at the Jones Beach Theater in New York last summer—and it's as much fun today as it was in the 1950s.

Now you'd think, in view of *Damn Yankees's* lucrative success, that show-biz people, with their penchant for blind imitation, would have followed it with one baseball show after another in an attempt to catch lightning in a bottle again. But I can't recall another diamond-based musical coming to Broadway until last week,

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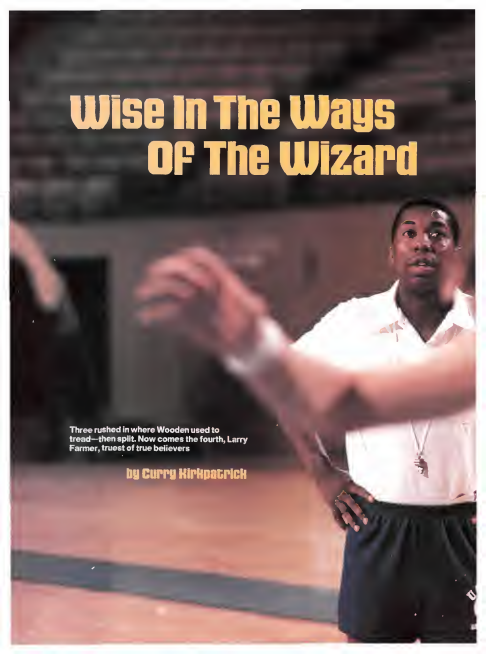
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Wise In The Ways OF The Wizard



Three rushed in where Wooden used to tread—then split. Now comes the fourth, Larry Farmer, truest of true believers

by **Curry Kirkpatrick**



The question turns out to be not who is this year's new UCLA basketball coach, but what difference does it make? Does it really matter if the coach is Gene Bartow or Jean Harlow? Gary Cunningham or Billy Cunningham or Richie Cunningham? Larry Brown or Jerry Brown or Les Brown and His Band of Renown or Farmer Brown or Fanny Farmer or Soybean Farmer? Or even Larry Farmer?

It matters. UCLA basketball personified solidarity before anyone knew what that meant. Lest the program abandon its heritage of excellence and continue to be a halfway house for transients searching out an identity or mercenaries hustling a glamour gig, UCLA desperately needed somebody to sit still, stand up to the Wooden legacy, handle the alumni and the media pressures, accept the chintzy salary, enjoy himself and, above all, com-

mit himself to the job. "I'm just happy to be here," says Larry Farmer, this year's new UCLA basketball coach.

I'm just happy to be here. Farmer and his two assistants, Kevin O'Connor and Craig Impelman, repeat this phrase to each other every hour or so, injecting it into the conversation for fun and, perhaps, enlightenment. It is their self-deprecation code. But it is also a reminder of how fortunate they are to be where they are. This is their perception, understand. It may be that of the outside world as well—the outside world being those college basketball people who do not labor under the duress of perfect sunshine, a fairy-tale campus, the implausibly wonderful starlet song girls and the NCAA championship banners. Given the circumstances, it is a compelling attitude they have come to share: Impelman, 29, a gym rat who twice had to leave UCLA



Wooden's specter doesn't haunt Impelman, Farmer and O'Connor, who are "just happy to be here."

(for St. Mary's in Texas and for Pepperdine) because there was no room at the inn; O'Connor, 33, an East Coast guy (Staten Island, N.Y., for goodness sakes) who prepped for his position in the roundball hotbeds of VMI, Virginia Tech and Colorado; and Farmer, the head man, the 30-year-old head man, the 30-year-old, *black head man*.

After all, in high school back in Denver the Farms, as he is known, had to write a letter to UCLA even to get noticed. As a pro he was cut at the end of the preseason by the Cleveland Cavaliers and later wound up riding the buses and trains out of Koblenz in the West German league. Ah, but at UCLA? Farmer played on the varsity from 1970 to '73 and his teams won 89 games and lost one. Think of that. 89-1. And after that Farmer married Joyce Cox, the second song girl from the left. That is a winner. In

fact, Farmer is the winningest three-year player in the history of college basketball. And except for his brief sojourn abroad he has been at UCLA helping the staff and contributing to the winning ever since. I'm just happy to be here. Larry Farmer isn't going anywhere else.

UCLA basketball began in 1919. In the first 56 years the school had four head coaches. In the last six UCLA has had four more. After John Wooden retired in 1975—the Wizard of Westwood won 620 games and 10 national championships in his 27 seasons—UCLA, in the person of Athletic Director J.D. Morgan, attempted to fill the void by applying what, in retrospect, seem like two very distinct sets of qualifications. Both Gene Bartow (1975-77) and Gary Cunningham (1977-79) were virtual clones of the old ruler—"another him." Walt Chamberlain called each of them. Bartow is a

scholarly, small-town Midwesterner who speaks gently, wears glasses and even styles his hair as Wooden does, with the part on the left side. Cunningham is a former Wooden player and assistant coach, a disciplined organization man who never smokes or swears or says much of anything but who quietly folded his game programs in the heat of battle just as Wooden had rolled his.

Conversely, Larry Brown (1979-81) came to UCLA already a burgeoning star—a modish, flashy hipster out of New York by way of the big-time college and pro systems at North Carolina and Denver. Brown called the UCLA team "my kids," as if he were Jerry Lewis or somebody. He excited the campus. He whupplashed UCLA back into the 20th century and into the headlines as well. While Brown was able to weather the unfulfilled expectations and me-

continued



Farmer was an assistant to four UCLA coaches, but the diagrams he prefers are the ones Wooden drew.



Nine seasons have passed since Farmer went to the hoop against Weber State in the West Region, but he can still muscle his way inside.



UCLA continued

dia onslaughts that overwhelmed Bartow and eventually drove him from Los Angeles, and while he could withstand the massive tugs of family, friends and publicity from the outside that finally caused Cunningham to depart, his memories of the pro coach's life-style were too fresh and lovely. And quite frankly, there was not enough gold in them thar hills of Westwood to keep Brown around.

All three coaches stayed two years and then split. Though Bartow and Cunningham won more games than Wooden did in his first two-year stretch (46), and though Brown took UCLA to the NCAA championship game in his first season, whereas Wooden didn't get there until his 16th, none of them won an NCAA title. Drive for show, putt for dough. Fair or not, that is what a UCLA coach is expected to do, and that is what these three men will be remembered as not doing. To be sure, desertion never was an issue. Neither Bartow nor Cunningham nor Brown admits to seeking his future refuge—the respective new jobs came looking for them. But it was no secret that they wanted out and that UCLA was willing to oblige. At the end, Bartow was perceived as thin-skinned, insecure, a weak recruiter; Cunningham as a cold fish, not tough enough, his heart absent from his work; Brown as indecisive, a whiner and all too slick in his polos and saddle shoes for the uppity Bruin alumni.

When Morgan died of heart disease last December, he left behind 36 NCAA championships in all sports and a reputation as the most effective athletic director of his generation. Yet on the very day he passed through the pearly gates, with his beloved basketball team en route to Japan (Japan?), old J.D. must have realized that in UCLA's search for another wizard, the school had somehow wandered off the yellow brick road.

Despite his color and his age and his dearth of head-coaching experience, the UCLA job should be easier for Larry Farmer than it was for the others. Farmer is succinct. "I am Family" he says, capitalizing the last word with his tone. "I have been the constant at UCLA. With all the stuff that's gone on the last decade, there's one face that people have seen around here and it's mine. I've been accepted right away. As a black, the danger of being labeled only a recruiter was always in the back of my mind. But when I got into coaching I made sure I was not stereotyped that way. I've never been the head recruiter here. My duties as an assistant were more on the academic and administrative sides. I've had terrific support from the alumni. The older players, the NBA people, have come out in force to help. Kareem, Jamaal Wilkes, Walton, Marques, all of them. I have no fears about comparisons with Coach Wooden. I welcome them. I'd be flattered. The tradition doesn't scare me because I always have been a part of it."

Farmer believes he was technically ready for the head job two years ago. "I've been gearing myself mentally ever since," he says. "Now I'm tougher, more aggressive. I'm pumped up. I think I gained something valuable from each of my predecessors. Coach Bartow—to come in here and put a whole new system in and get his players to perform the way they did. The man was a motivator! Coach Cunningham showed me the benefits of organization and attention to detail. Even in the spring he had every day mapped out, down to his dental appointment. We knew where he was and where we were supposed to be every single minute. Coach Brown taught me situation game-coaching, spur-of-the-moment bench stuff. And teaching, how to teach. He was such a teacher."

"One thing should be understood," Farmer continues. "I was always loyal to these guys, but I was also always the

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UCLA *continued*

house man. Last season when the alumni were up in arms about us changing the uniforms to a lighter shade, Browne got ripped because they thought he was bringing in Carolina blue. Actually the Japanese made those uniforms and presented them to us over there. The thing was, I got as much angry mail as Coach Brown. I was supposed to be the bulwark, the defender of the place. The UCLA people were saying, 'Do something to stop this.' I've always been around. I'm the traditionalist. To them, I am UCLA."

All things considered, it would be folly for the confident Farmer to allow himself any other posture. A guy who was 89-1 has every reason to suspect he is something special. "Larry knows who he is," says Pete Newell, the longtime guru of California basketball.

For one thing, Farmer is a boy scout. Direct, warm, articulate. Smart, friendly, honest. Thrifty, brave and true. He was "Thunderbolt King" at Denver's Manual High School. With A's and B's in his classes. For another, he is an emery customer on the basketball court. In the early '70s he was one of the enforcers for UCLA's Walton gang, a cop who used his elbow to open up the face of a Notre Dame player who had taken liberties with the Bruins' redheaded star. Once an offensive rebounder, always an offensive rebounder. "The sucker can still go to the rack," says O'Connor. In addition, Farmer is a humorist.

Farmer on his playing career: "They retired my number by giving it to Marques Johnson." Farmer at practice (shouting). "You hear that whistle—you stop. You stop even if you're in midair." Farmer at a coaches' clinic: "I hope you'll all read my new book, *How to Get Rid of Head Coaches*." Farmer at a boosters' meeting: "I'd hire John Wooden back as my assistant, but he's too expensive. Maybe I can get his seat moved down closer to the bench. Or install a TV monitor close by so I can watch his face."

Farmer to a grade school basketball team: "When I played here under Coach Wooden, we did things over and over and over. You'd think it would get boring, but it helped so much. When you see our players sprinting after the drills in practice, that's punishment. That's because I thought they were coasting. There is no wasted time in a UCLA practice. When we're not drilling, we're shooting free throws or 'game shots.' Bas-

ketball practice is a precious time. If a player misses a class, he doesn't get to practice. If he's late for a tutoring session, he doesn't get to practice. Basketball becomes more and more precious here. This is UCLA, guys. See those banners up there? They are the reminder."

The banners. Always the banners. They are the ghosts of UCLA past. Goodrich and Hazzard—the zone press. Alcindor (truly a ghost of a name)—The Triple. Wicks, Rowe—Heckle, Jeckle. The Walton-Wilkes juggernaut—radicals on parade. All the NCAA first-place trophies won by UCLA are over in the Ackerman Union now, in a narrow trophy case tucked between a bowling alley and a travel agency. The zone press is just another defense. Walton is in Stanford law school. Wooden is taking his daily five-mile walk in Encino. Still, the banners hang from the rafters of Pauley Pavilion, mocking everything that has come since, and is yet to be.

And what of Wooden, the ultimate shadow? As his years of triumph have fallen away, the 71-year-old former coach has become less visible around Westwood, although he still does his banking there, lunches there at his favorite haunt, Carl Andersen's Chatham (where Mrs. Andersen calls him "Johnny"), and attends most of the Bruin home games. On occasion, Wooden also handles the color announcing for UCLA cable TV showings.

Much of the external pressure that attends the UCLA head job has been flung at Wooden's doorstep, but it is difficult to imagine how the man could have handled such a delicate situation any better. He has never criticized the stratagems of his successors. He has never attended a practice without being asked. Surely he has not requested the TV cameras to flash to his reaction every time a Bruin play results in a turnover. "John is a UCLA fan," says Newell, an old friend. "He'd grimace at mistakes even if Nell [Mrs. Wooden] were coaching. About the only thing he could have done to avoid this controversy would have been to sail off to some desert island."

"Or die," says Wooden, with a grin. Fred Slaughter, the hulking center on Wooden's first NCAA championship team in 1964, says, "If he's been a cloud at all, Coach Wooden is a positive cloud."

More than any of Wooden's successors, Farmer has taken advantage of

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Wooden's proximity. Over the summer he spoke during four separate sessions of Wooden's basketball camp and visited his mentor's home for lunch several other times. The two men are often in touch by telephone. Some of Farmer's coaching regulations are positively Wizardish in form. UCLA players must carry 3 x 5 cards that list all important phone numbers—the coaches' offices and homes, the training room, dressing quarters. "If they're going to be late, I want to know about it first. They're going to learn responsibility," Farmer says. In practice nobody dunks unless it is specifically allowed. At training table nobody eats until the whole team is ready to eat. On the road, coats and ties are mandatory.

During the recent UCLA clinic, Farmer wore a coat and tie onto the court rather than change into warmps. Wooden used to do that. In the same office that was once dominated by a chart of Wooden's famous Pyramid of Success, Farmer has hung his own keepsakes—a picture of himself leaving his last college game, a telegram from the Rev. Jesse Jackson, a lithograph of a rainbow with the slogan, WHEN YOU REACH THE TOP, KEEP CLIMBING. Bob (Spider) Webb, a bit actor who played with Farmer at UCLA and against him in Germany, says Farmer will soon have his Jimi Hendrix posters plastered all over the place. But Farmer also has tacked something else on the wall. It is Wooden's favorite old chalkboard, which Brown had removed. "I thought about it and thought about it. I'm not superstitious," Farmer says, the laughter welling from deep in his belly. "... haw, haw, haw... just careful."

Clearly, Farmer always was one of Wooden's pets. He was never a big scorer. Just industrious, intelligent, coachable. Wooden wanted to change Farmer's defensive stance on the baseline once but Farmer convinced the coach that he could keep his outside foot forward and not get beat. They worked it out. "I've never heard anyone at any time make a critical remark about Larry Farmer," Wooden says. "Nobody knew what color Larry was, either. I can't say that about every player I had. White or black, there has never been a more popular player at UCLA."

During his sophomore year the 6' 5", 215-pound Farmer was fourth forward behind Sidney Wicks, Curtis Rowe and John Ecker. His playing time was sparse. But in the NCAA West Region final the

Bruins were in a struggle with Long Beach State, Wicks and Rowe were plagued with fouls and Ecker was being pounded. So Farmer went in and immediately contributed a blocked shot, an important rebound and an outlet pass that led to two free throws. The Bruins went on to win the game and, eventually, another championship.

As an undergraduate, Farmer studied the floor patterns, asked questions and worked hard to make himself a big-time player. On the freshman squad he won the most valuable player award. As a soph he won the outstanding first-year varsity award. As a junior he won most-improved honors. And in his senior season he was appointed captain. During his last two NCAA championship campaigns, Farmer's quick, strong defense earned him man-to-man assignments against an abundance of guards, including Ed Ratleff, Ernie DeGregorio and Ron Lee. In addition, he averaged more than 11 points and five rebounds a game. Then, too, there was the 89-1, a nearly mystical achievement in itself, with a perfect 90-0 marred on the day Austin Carr of Notre Dame scored 46 points in an 89-82 upset of UCLA at South Bend. "Wicks's fault," says Farmer.

Farmer had three other classmates who might have shared in his record, but Tommy Curtis redshirted, Marvelous Mary Vitae transferred out of UCLA and Larry Hollyfield transferred in too late to be eligible for the NCAA playoff games in 1971. "Poor Holly," says Farmer. "... haw, haw ... I got the record solo." Following Farmer on the UCLA won-lost honor roll, then, are Hollyfield 85-1, Lew Alcindor 88-2, Henry Bibby 87-3 and Walton, Wilkes, Wicks and Rowe, all 86-4. (Sven Nater had a 60-0 record, but it covered only two seasons, 1971-72 and '72-73, and his role was limited to backup duty for Walton.)

"Eighty-nine and one. Eighty-nine and one. You think Farms ever lets us forget it?" says Michael Holton, a junior guard on this year's UCLA squad.

As an in-house appointment and legend-successor three times removed, Farmer is not likely to experience the problems of the previous regimes. And Wooden doubts the problems were all that big, anyway. "Every one of those men left for better jobs more suited to their needs," Wooden says. "Not because of problems at UCLA. Pressure? I've known coaches who got out when



After UCLA beat Memphis State in '73, Farmer, with Wooden and Hollyfield, had an 89-1 record.

the cupboard was bare. I didn't exactly leave the cupboard bare with Marques Johnson and Richard Washington. Give me talent and I don't give a hoot about outside pressure. Criticism? I don't think any of them got much criticism. Larry Brown wanted a bigger office and the walls painted and the students' seats moved closer to the court in Pauley. And he needed more money. That's what he got criticized for. Gary Cunningham was not cut out for coaching. He never wanted the job. He only wished to pursue his doctorate and get into athletic administration. I'm probably most responsible for convincing him to stay his second year and not run out. Before Cunningham, Gene Barrow was just not ready for the sophistication of Los Angeles. He was too sensitive to the kook letters and the radio talk shows. Gracious sakes alive. I had lots of awful letters written about me, too. You just show weakness if you let them get to you."

Surprisingly, Wooden was not consulted by Morgan on any of the hirings. He was mystified at Barrow's appointment. The Wizard himself would have gone after Louisville's Denny Crum—another former UCLA player and assistant coach. "One of the biggest mistakes I

ever made was sharing an office the first few months with Barrow," Wooden says. "My understanding was I would help with the transition. But I was never used, and I should have realized my presence made him uncomfortable. I should have left long before I did. I suspected Barrow would be at UCLA a long time. If he had stayed around, I think he would have liked it. I wish I would have known him better, and Brown, too. I spent more time with their assistants. But it was no different for Barrow than it would have been for me if I had stayed another year. The only UCLA coach who got criticized for not winning the national championship was me. In 1974. Seven points ahead in overtime of the semifinals against North Carolina State? Why yes, we should have won. As the UCLA fan said to me when we won it the next year: 'Well, you let us down last season, but we got 'em back this time.' What do you say to that? Ten championships in 12 seasons wasn't enough. It's laughable. But the UCLA coaching job has never been difficult."

Clean Gene. While Gene Barrow is safely ensconced in Birmingham, Ala. now as athletic director and head coach of UAB, four years and thousands of miles later

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UCLA continued

moved from what he used to describe disgustingly as "the waves" of media in Southern California, he says he can remember certain UCLA games "as if they were yesterday." He recalls hearing Wooden's "the cupboard wasn't bare" line. He recalls hearing it when he was still coaching at UCLA. On sharing the office, he mostly recalls Wooden's answering the phone: "Hello, Coach Bartow's office." He recalls this being disconcerting. Bartow thinks UCLA was a difficult job. And no fun.

It started being no fun in November 1975 when Bartow guided the defending NCAA champion Bruins against Indiana in a national TV spectacular. "They blew us out, 18 points," says Bartow. Actually, the score was 84-64, but it was even worse than that. It was the most humiliating defeat for UCLA since... well, since Wooden's Bruin team lost 103-81 at Washington the previous season. Bartow remembers the spread on that one. Hmmm. The difference was that Wooden's 1975 Bruins won the NCAA championship, while Bartow's 1976 edition was eliminated in the semis in another shelling by Indiana.

The grumbling from alumni and the carping from the press increased, and Bartow became, in his word, paranoid. "We had worked hard, we had a great year," he says. "And yet they came out of the woodwork after me. I didn't deserve that. I just wasn't ready for it."

Bartow told off the newspapers. He walked off a radio show. He was booted during the introductions at Pauley. By his second season he had dissociated himself (and urged his freshmen to do the same) from Sam Gilbert, a construction magnate who is the Bruins' most public and powerful supporter, but who, Bartow felt, had too much control over the program. Texas Coach Abe Lemons once said, "I guess if you have a Pyramid of Success—and Sam Gilbert—you can always be a winner." Wooden had used the ostrich approach with Gilbert: He didn't want to know. Bartow tried to diminish the influence of "Papa G," as the players call him, and he failed.

During his second season Bartow was chastised by Gilbert, who said the coach was shaming the school by bowing his head on the bench. Soon the Bruins had lost in the NCAA tournament to Idaho State. Gilbert privately told Billy Packer, the television announcer, that he and other wealthy alumni were buying up

Year	Coach	Overall Record	Conference Record	Finish	How Season Ended
1975-76	Gene Bartow	28-4	13-1	First	Lost to Indiana, 65-51, in national semifinal
1976-77	Gene Bartow	24-5	11-3	First	Lost to Idaho State, 76-75, in West Region semifinal
1977-78	Gary Cunningham	25-3	14-0	First	Lost to Arkansas, 74-70, in West Region semifinal
1978-79	Gary Cunningham	25-5	15-3	First	Lost to DePaul, 95-91, in West Region final
1979-80	Larry Brown	22-10	12-6	Fourth	Lost to Louisville, 59-54, in championship game
1980-81	Larry Brown	20-7	13-5	Third	Lost to BYU, 78-55, in East second round

Wooden's successors have done well, but their records pale compared to his: 620 wins, and 10 titles in 12 years.

Bartow's contract. Not long afterward Bartow was able to write his own new ticket—at UAB.

"John Wooden was right," Bartow says. "I was too sensitive then. I think I could cope now. But every coach needs a power base and there is a certain vulnerability when you are being constantly attacked by the media. Not to mention by others. Once I told the L.A. Times that whatever happened, I'd always be a small-town Missourian, and I guess that's what I am. Whoever thought I would ever share an office with the man!"

In Bartow's present office—(twice again the size of the one at UCLA, and he shares it with no one—he still keeps all the nasty letters in a desk drawer. On one wall there is a lone reminder of UCLA: a framed photograph of the 1973 NCAA championship game between UCLA and Memphis State. Bartow coached in that contest to be sure. But it was not for the Bruins. It was against them.

The Wizard's Disciple. It was sometime during Gary Cunningham's coaching tenure at UCLA that visiting teams ceased feeling the wrath of God merely upon setting foot on the Bruins' home court. "Opponents used to think about playing only for respectability against UCLA, not about winning. You saw it in their eyes. The awe when they spotted the banners. The fear when they came out for the warmups. Then it all changed." This is what Cunningham was telling the Rotary Club of Laramie, Wyo., down at The Tiptoe one recent lunchtime. In March of 1979 Cunningham had stunned the UCLA basketball family by resigning as head coach to become the athletic director at tiny Western Oregon State College in Monmouth, where he could fish, hike and supervise the activities of the Wolves' teams in the Evergreen Conference. Talk about a refuge. Now Cunningham has surfaced again in Division I as A.D. at Wyoming, which is

how he happened to be butchering *Ragtime Cowboy Joe* with the rest of the Rotary crew and reminiscing about UCLA.

Cunningham was the heir apparent to Wooden before the first coaching change in 1975, but he immediately disqualified himself by opting to work in the alumni office in Westwood. During the Bartow years, however, Cunningham says he missed coaching and, by a "purely emotional decision," he agreed to go back to the bench when his alma mater beckoned in 1977. In 1962 Cunningham had played on the first Wooden team to make the NCAA Final Four. (The Bruins lost to Cincinnati at the buzzer in the semifinals.) In 1965 he had coached the Alcindor-led UCLA freshman team to a 15-

the 58 games his teams played, they lost eight, none by more than four points. Still, he was unhappy.

"My time at UCLA was very rewarding," says Cunningham. "But Gene Bartow is right. The job was not always fun. All coaching is draining. At UCLA it is extra demanding. I think it takes a special kind of person to go through that year after year. The UCLA mystique was diminished by the time I went back, and that made it even harder. Coach Wooden's presence was everything. With the master gone, things couldn't be the same."

By November of Cunningham's second year he had decided to resign effective at the end of the season which ended prematurely in the NCAA. *continued*



While working on Bartow's staff with Lee Hunt (right), I never learned a lot about player motivation.



Though Farmer was the UCLA "hoose man," no one ever questioned his loyalty to Cunningham (seated above) or Brown (below right).



West Region final when the Bruins were upset by America's Grandfather, Ray Meyer, and DePaul, 95-91. Even as he was escaping, Cunningham says, he felt "devastated."

Carolina West. If Larry Brown was ever serious about pursuing a career at UCLA, he didn't convince many people in the friendly confines of Westwood. John Wooden doubted he would stay long. Brown's closest friends gave him a year. Sam Gilbert—dum da dum dum—expected a short stay too, especially if Brown tried to keep him from the players. "I could cut his — off and he wouldn't know it until he pulled his pants down," he told a journalist. Good neighbor Sam. With enemies like this, Brown needed friendly confines. Instead, he offended UCLA oldtimers by bemoaning the university's penchant for red tape, the lack of office space and the cramped condition of the facilities. "I came into work the day after a concert at Pauley," Brown says, "and nobody had cleaned the vomit off the steps outside." This was famous, classy UCLA and there was mess right outside the gym? It didn't help that Brown was correct in his belief that an athletic plant so well-endowed in bodies should look as elegant as it plays. The way, say, his own school back in Chapel Hill, N.C. looked. Something should be finer.

As if Brown's \$40,000 base pay the first year wasn't bad enough. This was

more than Wooden ever made in the J.D. Morgan robber-baron days, but it was far less than at least 30 other major college coaches received and approximately one-sixth what Brown hauled in from the pros. The new coach had left a magnificent home in Colorado to find the California real estate market had gone nuts. Brown remembers hearing that Philadelphia Eagle Coach Dick Vermeil had made more money on the sale of his house in L.A. than he had earned in two years as head coach at UCLA. Some rich alumni (not Gilbert) purchased an abode for Brown to lease in fashionable Brentwood but he was uncomfortable with the arrangement. Babs Brown went to work at a travel agency. This was famous, classy UCLA and the coach's wife has to help make ends meet?

Brown's first year produced some outstanding recruits, but the coach began the season by playing the seniors in a mélange of multiple formations. The Bruins stumbled to an 8-6 record. Then Farmer suggested a return to simplicity. Brown inserted Slew Sanders at the high post, brought on the rookies, tightened up the x's and o's and roared to the NCAA finals. Washington State Coach George Raveling said Brown's first year produced "the finest coaching job in UCLA history."

Alas, last season was soiled by the Kenny Fields cause célèbre in which newcomer Fields sulked, missed practice, became a prima donna, was dismissed from the team and later was permitted to return. O'Connor labeled the Fields affair "an open wound." It was the kind of wound that—like Kiki Vandeweghe's missed juke-move layup against Louisville that probably cost the Bruins the previous season's NCAA championship—never was permitted under the Wooden reign.

While UCLA partisans were still chewing on the Fields affair, Brigham Young blew out UCLA 78-55 in the second round of the NCAA tournament, and soon Brown was gone to greener meadows and the New Jersey Nets. "Everybody in the country told me not to take the UCLA job," he says, "but it was an unbelievable feeling to be the basketball coach there. I think it's like, well, our national team. Everything I did there was for the kids. I feel good about the shape I left the program in. I want to stress the positive. I felt it was an honor to hold that position."

I'm just happy to be here. Perhaps Larry Farmer learned more than merely situation coaching from Brown. Obviously loyalty is an important part of Farmer's makeup. His three predecessors all agree that Farmer could be depended upon through good times and bad. The litmus test came during the regimes of Barrow and Brown, both of whom kept the basketball office at arm's length from Gilbert, who had always been a close friend to Farmer.

In the past Gilbert negotiated professional contracts for many UCLA players. Gilbert has been a financial adviser to Farmer. Sam and Rose Gilbert are occasional dinner companions of the Farmers'. Gilbert wears one of Larry's NCAA championship rings.

(Recently, Gilbert responded to an NCAA investigation into the UCLA basketball program by producing evidence that a loan he made to Walton took place after Walton had finished school. Gilbert also was questioned about the Thanksgiving dinner he annually hosted for the UCLA basketball team at his palatial home in Pacific Palisades. But he said he was not involved in the controversial purchase of automobiles by four UCLA players in the spring of 1980. "The world has become too crass," says Gilbert. "Every move I make is considered insidious, an NCAA violation by innuendo. If they only knew how many of these UCLA players we kept in school, how many problems wound up here [in the Gilbert study] and not over in the school's athletic department.")

"When I played at UCLA Sam held us spellbound with his NBA stories and his agency talk," Farmer says. "But he isn't into that much anymore, and the players have gone in other directions. After he received so much attention and people became suspicious of his motives, Sam withdrew. He's old and tired now. The players can't eat over there anymore. It's against the rules unless the whole school eats there."

"I remember, as a student, once complaining about something," Farmer goes on. "But Sam stopped me in my tracks and said I was at UCLA for an education first and never to forget it. He has never put academics behind athletics. He has never bad-mouthed a coach to me. He's part of my personal life, period. I won't let him get involved in the basketball side. He respects that because he respects me."

continued



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UCLA's players, in the habit of enjoying a loose atmosphere around Farms the assistant, have discovered this new Farmer, the head man, means business. Senior Tony Anderson says that during the Brown years the head coach's office was open and the television always on. Players grabbed gobts of candy off the desk, plopped onto the sofa and kicked their feet up on the table. "There was so much candy you'd get pimples just looking at that desk," Anderson says. Brown was an arm-around-the-shoulder pal, just one of the guys. The other day Anderson had assumed the usual position, stretched out and laid back, when the new Farmer, Head Coach Farmer, entered. The older man snapped off the TV, demanded that Anderson ask for candy from then on, very little candy, and warned him against "wasting time" in the office. Anderson says it was as if a new boss had ordered him to work at nine when his body was used to waking up at noon. "It was a shock to my system," says Anderson. "I miss Coach Farmer's jokes, I miss having fun with him."

"You don't wonder whether Farms is serious anymore," Holton says. "You know he is serious."

Both Farmer's basketball and discipline are by way back Denver. Smiley Junior High, to be precise. In the ninth grade Farmer kept getting whistled for three-second violations because he didn't understand the rule. Confused, he simply made himself stay out of both foul lanes, and he played the game that way. Later, basketball vied with the military. "I was a lieutenant colonel in the Army ROTC, battalion commander, second-ranked guy in the state," Farmer says. "I loved the regimen, the order. Most ROTC guys were considered quippy, but I was an athlete, too. I loved my uniform, I made up excuses so I could wear my uniform on more days. I loved a spit shine, polished brass, all of that. And the parades! I'd be out in front of everybody marching along—the commander. My staff was behind me and 300 guys behind them. Yeah, I loved it. In those days, for me it was James Brown, the Temptations, then John Philip Sousa. I loved my uniform so much I wore it to register for the draft."

Farmer received an appointment to the Air Force Academy, but he decided not to go, preferring basketball to the Vietnam war. Ultimately, of course, he chose UCLA. Stylish haberdashery, knickers and Oleg Cassini hats—"The

gangster look," Farmer remembers—replaced his dress greens. For better or worse he has been in Westwood just about ever since, furly wallowing in UCLA tradition.

One would not be surprised if by now Bruin blue courses through his veins in place of the real stuff. "We don't have that UCLA attitude yet," he will say. Or, "I hate it when our practices get sloppy. It's so untraditional."

"I think Coach Wooden liked me so much because of that attitude," Farmer says. "I also listened to him all the time. It was like I was in class taking mental notes. I memorized all the drills. And the details. Coach Wooden had one time period devoted to how to tie our shoelaces so they would never slip. You start late the way I did and you have to listen to what everybody says. Plus, I wasn't exactly gifted."

"I was a small forward with big-forward skills. That finally dawned on me in pro camp. When I discovered I wasn't going to be a professional player... I'll never forget this... I almost perceived myself as a failure. Almost. Then I realized I had graduated from college. I had a good job waiting for me back at UCLA. I was on my way into a new career. There was no time to pout or sulk. I was always going to wind up this way, of course. As this role model. Not just a jock. But a well-rounded adult person. Fate is like a train. It's already determined where you're going. How long it takes depends on the conductor."

Back in 1973 a story in this magazine—*Who Are These Guys?*—profiled the UCLA team that was on its way to a collegiate record of 88 straight victories. Farmer suited up for 75 of those, more than any other Bruin. Yet this story, which was accompanied by a cover and pictures of six of his teammates, did not contain a photograph of Farmer. Shortly thereafter, the writer offered his apologies. But the senior captain, so versed in UCLA basketball lore and so proud of his own achievements, was understandably disappointed. Crushed might be a more accurate description.

Recently the same writer apologized once more. "That's okay," Farmer said. "I figured you guys would get around to me again some day. I'm just happy to be here."

What goes around, comes around. UCLA basketball should just be happy Larry Farmer has always been here. **END**

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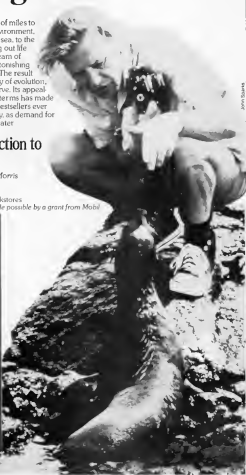
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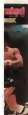


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Edited by GAY FLOOD

BEAR REACTIONS

Sir,

As Alabama alumni, we deplore your treatment of Coach Bear Bryant, the University of Alabama and the state of Alabama ("I Do Love the Football," Nov. 23). In our opinion, the article falsely represented all three and is insulting to everyone concerned.

DR. AND MRS. ALEX C. MILLER JR.
Birmingham

Sir,

I commend Frank Oford on a fine article. Here at the University of Alabama, the Bear is considered godlike, so it is refreshing to finally discover his human side. His being human certainly does not take away from the greatness of the legendary coach, as his outstanding record will attest.

JOEY H. JOHNSON
University, Ala.

HOLMES-SNIPES

Sir,

I felt that I'd seen your Nov. 16 cover of the Larry Holmes-Ronald Snipes bout somewhere before, so I dug into my back files of SI, and I found a very similar cover and caption on your Oct. 8, 1979 issue. The victim in that fight was Earnie Shavers, but the message was the same: Holmes comes off the canvas to win. I wonder how many more such covers Holmes will grace before the world recognizes a real champion.

ALLEN BARRA
Brooklyn

Sir,

Controversies such as the one engendered by the Holmes-Snipes fight (*The Night They Called It a Draw*, Nov. 16) could be avoided if boxing would adopt a technical-knockdown rule. Under such a rule, the referee would declare a technical knockdown instead of a technical knockout if it appeared that a fighter's incapacity might be only temporary. The fighter inflicting the technical knockdown would be sent to a neutral corner, while his opponent would take a mandatory eight-count. The bout would be resumed only if the boxer receiving the TKO could continue. A boxer would be permitted to receive only one TKO in a bout.

Such a rule would eliminate the inequity that gives a boxer who is knocked down a respite, while a boxer who remains standing gets none at all.

REX H. ROWAND
Springfield, Ohio

IN DEFENSE OF DC

Sir,

The thoroughly outrageous SCORECARD item (Nov. 16) about three former Boston

College athletes who allegedly have gone wrong demands a response. I view the Rick Kuhn-Kenny Smith-Jack Concannon developments as most unfortunate and grant that their coincidental occurrence is sufficiently ironic to be newsworthy. If these ex-Eagles are proved guilty, then discussing them within a "bad luck" or "bad apple" theme would make sense. But it is absolutely ludicrous to imply that Boston College is culpable. In your eagerness to be sensational, you failed to mention the clearest story: that the government's prosecution in the Kuhn point-shaving case is being argued by a Boston College graduate, Edward A. McQuinn, who also played a little freshman basketball at the Heights.

During the very week of your Boston College item, the starting fullback for Alabama became the subject of an arrest warrant after allegedly punctuating a traffic-related argument with classmates by leveling a shotgun blast into their car. Oid the University of Alabama "impart the notion" that ordinary rules do not apply to him? Of course not; he acted as an individual.

I take comfort only from the fact that the damage you have inflicted on my alma mater will be minimized by the foolishness of your charges.

JOHN J. WEBER
Boston College '69
Burrington, R.I.

Sir,

In response to your supposition that special treatment at Boston College may account for the alleged illegal activities of a few of that school's former athletes, please note the following graduates who played varsity sports at BC: Tom Condon, offensive lineman for the Kansas City Chiefs and a law school graduate; Edward J. King, former middle guard of the Baltimore Colts and now governor of Massachusetts; Joseph F. Maguire, former Boston College hockey and baseball player and now bishop of Springfield, Mass. And there are many more.

JOHN R. OMBEN
JOHN POTAPCHUK
Elmhurst, N.Y.

NORTHWESTERN'S TROUBLES

Sir,

As an alumnus of Northwestern University (class of '79), I was interested in the article *O and 29 and Still Counting* (Nov. 16), which graphically described the demise of our football program. Those awaiting an onslaught of fresh recruits to reverse what has now become a tradition of losing (13-85-1 over nine years, or 131) had better refrain from holding their breath as long as the school's administration

imposes unrealistic admission standards on student-athletes and labors under the misconception that a squad of Phi Beta Kappas can stay on the same field with Ohio State et al. On a less practical, more philosophical level, it seems grossly unfair to impose stringent recruiting standards on the one hand and remain in the Big Ten on the other. To add insult to injury, Northwestern played two games outside the Big Ten, against Arkansas (8-3) and Utah (8-2-1).

I hope my alma mater will either adopt a realistic attitude and relax admission standards for athletes or drop back and punt the football program.

MARK FRIEDLAND
Miami

Sir,

After reading of the troubles plaguing the Northwestern football team and University President Robert H. Strotz's explanation for those troubles, it is easy to understand why they exist. Strotz is oversimplifying the situation, if, as you reported, he attributes Northwestern's football failings to lower academic standards at other schools and Northwestern's lack of a physical education major or any courses of study in which jocks can hide. Other schools have high academic standards and still enjoy success in athletics. As for courses in which jocks can hide, anyone who majors in physical education takes courses such as anatomy, physiology, kinesiology, biomechanics, statistics, research, etc., that offer students few places to hide.

By maligning physical education, Strotz may have given us a hint as to how to solve the problem at Northwestern. Find a president who understands the role of athletics in education.

MICHAEL T. VOGL
Twining, Mich.

Sir,

In your article on Northwestern football, I was quoted as saying I was a "Sophist" when asked what school of philosophical thought I found solace in. The Sophists were a group of pre-Socratic philosophers who were teachers of rhetoric and philosophy. What I described myself as was a solipsist, not a Sophist.

RICK SALVINO
Placekicker
Northwestern Football Team
Evanston, Ill.

Sir,

Why don't you put Northwestern on the cover? Perhaps the famous SI cover "jinx" will work in reverse!

MARK GERASIM
West Chester, Pa.

continued

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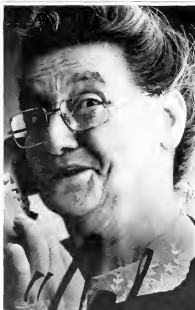
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"Ach Du lieber!"

THE GAME

Sir:

Medora Goes to The Game (Nov. 16) by George Plimpton is one of the most heart-warming and entertaining articles I've ever read. It reminded me of the time I took my 4-year-old nephew, Dylan, to a Philadelphia Phillies game. When the Phillies staged a late-inning rally to win, I found myself cheering and yelling to Dylan, "The Phillies won, they won!" An unimpressed Dylan looked up at me and said, "Why?"

FRANK WECKERLY
Haddon Heights, N.J.

Sir:

George Plimpton has written thousands of entertaining words telling us that he's no champion athlete, but in a few pages he has established himself as a world-class father.

MICHAEL JOYNER
Tucson

Sir:

What a lovely story about Medora! Did she ever get her horse for Christmas and, if so, what did she call it?

LINDA BOHE
New York City

• Alas, Medora didn't get her horse, but as the course of the year, her likes have changed.

Her father says, "Her interests have gone to water completely. For this Christmas she wants a Sunfish and a pet duck."—ED

Sir:

Please tell George Plimpton not to abandon his hopes for his daughter to attend Harvard. I believe he's on the right track. At any rate, it worked with me.

I, too, was a young girl when my father first took me to "The Game"—not Harvard-Yale but Michigan vs. Ohio State. Not unlike Plimpton, my father wanted desperately to impress me—with the Michigan campus, The Game and the aura of the Maize and Blue Alas, Michigan lost that year.

I remember awkward moments when my father tried to explain that we were for Michigan; we only lived in Ohio. And that I shouldn't sing the Ohio State song, just The Victors. He told me about Fielding Yost, the Elkhorn brothers and the blizzard at Columbus in 1950. Mowly, I remember that Michigan lost, that we had been rooting for the losing team. "Wait till next year," Father said.

The "next years" in Ann Arbor or Columbus worked their magic. My father no longer has to take me. And should anyone ever want to know about third-and-10, any of my three

sisters or I will be delighted to explain it.
MARY CLARK YOUNG
Michigan '74
New York City

Sir:

It was Tad Jones, not Ted Coy, who told his Yale football teams that never again in their lives would they do anything as important as playing football against Harvard.

JOHN MCCORMACK
Dallas

Sir:

George Plimpton quotes Alex Karras complaining about the Rams' helmet logo being "designed by some interior decorator at Pasadena." It was designed by the onetime Ram halfback and former Denver Bronco general manager and vice-president, Fred Goehrk, who, even now, at 63, would stand a good chance of putting an overstuffed movie actor flat on his well-upholstered head.

ED HUNICK
Orange, Calif.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



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